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**BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS**



THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

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VOL. XI.—AUGUST, 1876.—NO. 64.

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## SHALL OUR PUBLIC OFFICERS BE THE SLAVES OF PARTY OR THE SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE?

AMONG the many subjects to which the political demoralization of the day has turned the attention of thoughtful and patriotic minds, the distribution and management of the public patronage claims special prominence. The principle that "to the victor belong the spoils" has been long and vigorously asserted, and has produced its full and legitimate results. The people have submitted year after year, almost without a murmur, to the ever-growing tyranny of partisan control; for, even when not blinded by the dissimulation and cajolery of demagogues, the masses are slow to rebel; but now, at length, aroused from their supineness by almost daily exposures of incompetency and wickedness in high places, they begin to ask, as they gaze in affright at the wrecks of public honor and private reputation, if it be not time to demand that the affairs of the nation shall be directed in accordance with the inspirations of honesty, the teachings of experience, and the dictates of common sense.

It is a fact patent beyond denial, that integrity, wisdom, skill, diligent attention to duty, and a scrupulous regard for the public welfare have ceased to be qualifications for positions of civil trust; and among those who really love their country, and give a thought to its future, the conviction is gaining ground that, unless a revolution be speedily effected in our political management, even the semblance of liberty must vanish from our institutions, and a centralized despotism be erected upon the ruins of free government.

In order that administrative offices may be well and creditably filled, it is necessary that they should be kept firmly barred against all but those who are especially qualified for the proper discharge of the duties incident thereto. The incumbents should be assured against improper interference on the part of superiors; they should be thoroughly shielded from political pressure, and should be raised as high as possible above the level of temptation. Their tenure of power should, therefore, be

made to depend exclusively upon capacity and good behavior, and their salaries should be adequately remunerative. They should be encouraged by the certainty of promotion to put forth their best and most vigorous efforts; and a liberal retiring pension should be assigned them, in order that, being relieved of all anxiety concerning the future, they may be induced to consecrate themselves without reserve to the service of the community.

In the representative branches of the government frequent changes are necessary to maintain the reality of popular rule. Nothing further is here required than to secure to the voting masses the just, free, and certain exercise of their sovereign power of delegation. But in the executive and judicial departments no such necessity does or can exist. On the contrary, change here produces both confusion and danger. This doctrine is neither novel nor radical. It is respected and upheld by every sensible man in the prosecution of his business, and in the management of his private affairs. Any other notion would destroy all hope of intelligent exertion and efficient labor in any branch of industry or speculation. Long and systematic apprenticeship, steady devotion to a specific employment, opportunity for development and self-elevation, and the certainty of a fair return for one's toil, are the only means by which skilled workers and trusty servants can be obtained for any of the pursuits or occupations of ordinary life. Must the exercise of common sense be confined to the kitchen, the factory, and the counting-room? Is the government of a great nation an enterprise so easy, so unimportant, that it can be safely left to the care of ignorance and imbecility? Must we be forced to submit the management of our most weighty concerns, our most sacred interests, to men whom we would not tolerate for an instant as our domestic or commer-

cial agents? We make vast pretensions to intelligence. Let us take care that we can be not ridiculed out of our own mouths.

A single illustration will suffice to show how reasonable is the doctrine we have enunciated, and how great is the peril to which we are exposed so long as its adoption is delayed.

As a fitting subject to which to apply the principles involved in this doctrine, we might choose at random almost any branch of the civil service; but we shall select the Department of Justice, a department whose name has an almost ironical sound to the ears of those who are familiar with the history of "outrage mills," "whisky trials," and similar products of the system of administration which has for some time past been so fashionable at Washington.

The corner-stone of this department is the office of United States District Attorney. We are all familiar with the nature and importance of the duties which attach to that office, but we seldom reflect upon the many and rare qualifications needed on the part of the men by whom these duties must be discharged. A large fund of technical learning, considerable experience at the bar, a thorough knowledge of the world, firmness of will, a quick and penetrating intelligence, sound judgment, habits of systematic diligence, and integrity of a high order, are all indispensable ingredients in the character of those who would undertake the task of prosecuting the causes and defending the interests of a great and intricate government like ours. Can any party hope to find among its ordinary following men distinguished by such a combination of natural and acquired excellencies. Men so endowed stoop not to the dictates of political managers, nor can they be forced to place the welfare of the people in subordination to the exigencies of party. They know that they may at any time be called upon to arraign



before the tribunal of justice the warmest friends and the most ardent supporters of the administration; and if they have reason to believe that a corrupt executive, taking alarm at the threatened discomfiture of its adherents, will seek to forestall the law, or interpose to render investigation and impeachment migatory, they will scorn to place themselves in a position when their most honest, patient, and laborious exertions may win for them no other reward than reprimand or dismissal. They will be satisfied with nothing less than perfect freedom in the discharge of their duty; and to this they can look forward only when protected by a tenure of office depending entirely upon their fidelity to the legitimate motive of their appointment and upon a continued display of genuine ability. Honorable and earnest men cannot be expected to covet a trust to be holden at the caprice of a selfish or unprincipled superior? They crave stability; and, while they reverence authority, they value independence. They wish, moreover, to be convinced that, when they make a total consecration of their talents and their strength to the service of the public, they will be recompensed in proportion to the fulness of their sacrifice. A lawyer capable of assuming worthily the position of an attorney to the government, has all the means of earning in private life a very large and a very certain income. In surrendering the prospect of a comfortable fortune, as he necessarily must if he gives himself up with heartiness to his official duties, he has a right to expect a salary that will enable him to move without difficulty in the plan to which his abilities and his reputation have raised him; and, since this salary, being fixed, allows him no opportunity for that enlargement of resources which is the result of unremitting exertion in the field of general business, he is entitled to

such compensation as is afforded by the assurance of promotion and the certainty of a retiring pension.

Sheltered by the protection which a compliance with these natural, wise and equitable demands would impart, our legal representatives, whatever might be their political predilections, would, in their official capacity, view with indifference the rise and fall of parties; and justice, fairly championed in every case, would be allowed a clear field in her conflicts with irregularity, fraud, and conspiracy.

Were the attorney-general invariably chosen, as reason and propriety would suggest, from the most tried and worthy among the subordinate officers of the department over which it is the duty of that functionary to preside, we should never be called upon to witness the humiliating spectacle of ignorance, weakness, or cowardly subservience, enthroned in a position where wisdom, vigor, and the courageous exercise of duty are absolutely necessary for the healthful administration of the laws. Under such a rule of appointment, each new incumbent, having already passed through years of searching probation and effective discipline, would come to his post ripe for the faithful discharge of its difficult and laborious duties, a discreet and unprejudicial counsellor of the government, a vigilant and unflinching guardian of its rights, sagacious and prompt in the direction of his subordinates, and capable of inspiring in all who might have occasion to seek his advice, that confidence which proven ability, unassailable integrity, vast experience, and long and honorable service can alone elicit.

The State has an undoubted right to the best, the noblest, and the most disinterested labors of its citizens; and the citizens, on their part, are entitled to demand that such methods of selection and such systems of management shall be adopted, as will se-



cure for the public offices the uninterrupted services of those whose capabilities are equal to their trusts, and whose loyalty is superior to temptation. Men are not so wicked that they sin for the sake of sinning; and there is nothing to prevent the government from being ably and honestly served, if it will act with the same common sense, the same fairness, and the same generosity which corporations and individuals show in the conduct of their affairs.

But great political parties care less for the welfare of the country than for the maintenance of their own supremacy. They are naturally the necessary enemies of noble and independent minds. Their origin is often glorious, and their early history crowded with worthy achievements, but they speedily degenerate. Their purposes are necessarily ephemeral; but the power they wield and the riches they control are too congenial to human passion to be freely surrendered as soon as a desired movement has been consummated, or an acknowledged mission achieved. They cling to existence with a pertinacity that is almost unconquerable. Finally the nation becomes restless; the old combination goes down before a general uprising; a fresh organization seizes the reins of authority; all goes well for awhile, and then the new men form new plots for perpetual domination. Sometimes the people wait too long, and find that the only remedy left them is revolution; sometimes they lose heart, and tyranny triumphs till God's providence works redress.

Parties will always exist. They are a necessary feature of popular government. But woe to the country where independent thought and action have not sufficient strength to check the arrogance and to punish the usurpations of scheming politicians! Woe to the people who tolerate a policy which leaves the whole mechanism of the State at the mercy

of men who love everything less than they love themselves!

If we really cherish our liberties, if we value true progress as highly as we pretend, let us be jealous of partisan power. We may co-operate, as we think best, with one organization or another; but let it be understood that all parties are slaves, and all citizens freemen. It is the masses who have most at stake. Let them proclaim, in tones which will re-echo with unmistakable import through every section of the land, that good men shall not be ousted from office to make place for sycophants and henchmen; let them demand that ability and honesty shall be everywhere respected; and let them prove at the polls that they have the means of enforcing compliance with their wishes.

Any one who observes the current of domestic events is sadly familiar with the radical spirit of partisan rule. Every turn of the political wheel results in an entire derangement of the public service. From the cabinet secretary to the city policeman, every man who will not swear allegiance, now and forever, to the party in power, must bid farewell to his position and to his prospects. It would seem as though a belief in the infallible wisdom of the administration, and an acknowledgment of its indefeasible right of sway, were requisite for the proper performance of the most simple matter of routine. We can understand why changes in the ministerial staff of the government may sometimes be required by the general good, even when nothing can be alleged derogatory to the honor and general capacity of the officers who may be summarily called upon to vacate their positions, or to exchange them for others less exalted or less remunerative: but it is simply impossible to invent a decent excuse for the fiat of political slaughter which inevitably follows the triumph of an opposing faction. Nothing but a conspir-



acy on the part of its leaders to maintain their power, and the necessity of rewarding their hungry followers, can account for such wild, unjust, and demoralizing conduct; and nothing but the voice of honest and sensible people, sounding through the ballot-box, can convey an admonition that will be heeded by the selfish adventurers who tyrannize over us in the name of freedom and equal rights.

The conservative element of the country has hitherto been too indifferent to its duty. It has kept aloof from active politics so long that scheming radicals have well nigh forgotten its existence. It must now come forth from its obscurity, or accept the responsibility of aiding, by its inertness, the work of national disorganization.

The transition from a demoralized republic to an unprincipled absolutism is easier than the majority of us like to admit; and to all but those who are over-confident or wilfully blind, it is evident that the danger of such a transition in our case is neither visionary nor remote. We must at once insist upon reform, or abandon the hope of securing it in this generation. Parties do not reform themselves. When they begin to need regeneration, it is a sign that their mission is at an end. What the country requires is the hearty active devotion of the plodding, stable, unobtrusive, and law-abiding people who generally have nothing to do with political canvasses, and who frequently do not even vote. These must now come forward to the rescue of the nation. Marshalled by such thoughtful, experienced, courageous, and self-sacrificing leaders as Providence invariably raises up in every great crisis of affairs, they can sweep the corrupt mercenaries of party from the field of poli-

tics, and secure the triumph of men whose aim is the happiness of their fellow-citizens, and whose one absorbing passion is the speediest achievement of their country's greatest good. Let them peremptorily demand a voice in every nominating convention throughout the land; let them work both day and night to secure the co-operation of honest men of every political creed; let them solemnly declare that they will oppose, stubbornly and to the bitter end, every candidate who refuses to pledge himself in unqualified terms to labor with all his might to reform the public service, to secure stability in government, and to punish with unrelenting severity all who prove recreant to their trusts; and then let them march boldly to the polls, determined to have fair play at any cost—and they will win.

Corruption is eating away the limbs of the nation; but the vitals of the body politic are as yet unassailed. Sufficient strength remains for reaction. But moments are precious. If the friends of order will rally with ardor, forgetting all minor differences, and will band together with the single purpose of delivering the government from the hands of demagogues and conspirators, the torrent of our present disorders will be effectually checked, and time will be afforded for that slow and thorough regeneration of the national heart which religion can alone effect. Those who wish to prove themselves true lovers of their country will hasten to range themselves beneath the standard of a pure and unselfish patriotism. Neutrality must henceforward be denounced as a crime. We must fight or be enslaved; and stern will be the reckoning of those who stand listlessly by whilst the shackles of freedom are being forged in their sight.



# SOMETHING OVERLOOKED BY CERTAIN CENTENNIAL CELEBRATORS.

ABOUT two hundred years ago, or more,  
Disgusted with the old world's mockery,  
Its crimes, committed under false pretence  
Of loyalty to her, its lying code—  
Stern Liberty forsook her whilom throne,  
Cast down her sceptre, like a hated thing,  
Her crown of gems, from which the light  
had fled—

Ground into dust beneath her feet, that  
turned  
To find another home where Truth might  
share

Her noble sway, her peerless might sustain.  
The throne deserted, crown and  
sceptre crushed,

A moment stopped the proud and fearless  
step,

And to the eyes, that erst had pierced the sun  
With eagle gaze, came dimness—born of  
tears!

Tears for the wreck and ruin left behind;  
For persecution, bloodshed, anarchy;  
For fettered bodies, and degraded souls;  
For foul rebellion acted in her name;  
For tyrant's vile abuse of monarch's power:  
Insult to God, and martyrdom to man!  
So stood on ocean's strand proud Liberty;  
Homeless, discrowned, and weeping!

Far beyond

Atlantic's mighty swell, with gesture grand,  
The Genius of the Nations beckoned her  
To leave that false and venal world behind,  
And crown a new one with her glorious rule.  
Then, as her step obeyed, with wearied fall,  
Came Truth to her strong support, and friend  
to be.

Thus helped, forth trod her foot in majesty  
That made the waves its minions trampling  
down

Their foam, to cleave a path to that beyond  
Soon to become the Home of Liberty!

(This was four hundred years ago, or more,  
Not less, and so Centennial homage claims;  
Why e'en a jack-knife, rusting in the sod,  
*One* hundred years ago, forthwith brings  
price!

E'en though a clown had dropped it from  
his hand!

Come, value that which sings our nation's  
state,

Not one, but full *two* hundred years ago!)  
Well, fair she stood upon Columbia's  
shore,

The royal, discrowned wanderer, and fair  
Columbia smiled to greet her, smiled through  
light

Of crimson sunset, bathing hill and vale—  
All jeweled with the verdant emerald's tint  
In rosy sea of splendor. "Peerless land,"  
Cried Liberty, in rapture; "here I rest!"

Beside the shore, a band of hardy men,  
With "iron will" and "purpose stern" upon  
Their faces stamped, were toiling. Yet they  
seemed

On e'en compelling Earth her fruits to yield.  
No smile their perfect gravity e'er marred;  
No song rose trifling on the summer air;  
No jest went round to steal the mind from  
work;

But sometimes, in the pause of labor, rose  
A dignified remonstrance with the God  
Who placed its burden on their shoulders;  
this

Was prayer,—an't please you!

"List!" said Liberty,  
Advancing royally; "what sought ye here?"  
"*Freedom to worship God!*" the toilers said.  
"*My* perfect gift!" the noble wand'rer cried,  
"And mine alone to give! This then  
shall be

My fitting home!" They built a throne  
forthwith;

They crowded round her, and, in sounding  
phrase,

They told a tale of persecution dark  
In far-off England, and of tyranny;  
Of noble sacrifice and struggle grand,  
To find Religion's dearest privilege:  
To bleed, to starve, to—die, or compass it!  
"Oh, hearts of martyrs! souls of God's own  
saints!

True basis for the throne of Liberty!  
No storm can move you, nor no power can  
crush,

Here is my place, here Truth can rest for  
aye!"

Thus Liberty entranced, the past forgot;  
But Truth stood silent, stern, below the  
throne,

And offered not to lead her to its height.  
Alone she reached it, noting not that there,  
Her white wings folded, and her face of light  
Bowed to the dust, her sweet companion  
dropped,

Nor once enthroned, heeded that, with  
thongs

Of cruel weight, the stern, unsmiling crew  
Scoured her from out her lowly resting-  
place!

Alas! the throne of Liberty stands not  
Where Truth is banished. Soon it reeled,  
and when



Around it gathered Falsehood's minions  
vile,  
Intolerance, and Tyranny, and Pride,  
And hollow Pretence, and Hypocrisy,  
The outraged majesty of Liberty  
Forsook its seat—it tottered, crumbled, fell!  
Upon its ruins trampled maddened groups  
Of tortured creatures, cut, and burned, and  
scourged,  
By those whose boast, "Religious Free-  
dom!" seemed  
A "cry to heaven for vengeance," while the  
tongues,  
Pierced through with red-hot steel, essayed  
to speak  
A prayer to God for Liberty's return;  
And bruised knees sought earth; and bleed-  
ing hands  
Called God to witness that they suffered thus  
For daring to adore him their own way,  
For differing from the worship ordered  
there—  
Worship without Humility or Love,  
And mockery of Faith that only lived  
A feeble span—in words of pond'rous  
length!  
Oh, Liberty! the lie that drove thee thence,  
The lie called "Freedom pure to worship  
God,"  
Lent swiftness to thy step, which erst had  
lagged,  
When bearing thee from Old World  
tyranny!  
There, men preyed on each other for men's  
greed,  
But here, they tortured—in the name of  
God!  
There, Truth supported thee on thy sad way;  
Here, Falsehood chased thee, outraged, from  
thy throne,  
To seek again thy noble, tender friend,  
Who set thy steps around with strength and  
love,  
The spotless, changeless spirit—mighty  
Truth!  
Where'er the hand of man a home had raised  
Within the shelter of the New World's arms,  
Majestic strode the feet of Liberty  
In search of Truth! Alas, the search in  
vain!  
Men prated of her name, but nowhere shone  
Her radiant face, and glaring, in its stead,  
Was fierce Intolerance, and Falsehood's  
form  
Veiled in fair garb of seeming piety,  
Wrought from the threads of canting speech  
and loud  
Assertion of "man's godly righteousness."  
But echo of the cry, "Thank God I am  
Not like the rest of men!"

At last a day

(The story claims Centennial honors, please,  
Writ on the pages of our history,  
And duly taught for truth in all our schools),  
A day upon Columbia's record dawned,

When, to her lovely shores, a pilgrim band,  
Whose ensign was the Cross, was wafted by  
The ocean winds—at bidding of the Lord.  
They, too, sought "Freedom pure to wor-  
ship God,"  
And ere they reared a throne for Liberty,  
Upon the summit of the height prepared,  
They proudly raised their ensign grand—  
the Cross;  
Then, white and jeweled in its sacred shade,  
They placed the throne, and from their  
hearts they sent  
Fair Truth, their guest beloved to hold it  
safe  
For Liberty. Then called they her proud  
name.  
Far o'er the waste, she heard the welcome  
call;  
Far o'er the waste she looked, and saw the  
Cross,  
Far o'er the waste she came with winged  
step,  
Found Truth, found throne, found *home in  
Maryland!*  
There came the persecuted from where'er  
Intolerance her bloody banner waved,  
There "freedom" found "to worship God,"  
there saw  
What Truth achieves, when linked with  
Liberty:  
Oh, one, true Church! thy peerless heritage,  
And thine alone, but for thy presence grand,  
Denied a resting-place in our loved land!  
Ah, safe that throne beneath the Cross,  
above  
The hearts which sent forth Truth with  
ev'ry throb  
To be its royal guard!

Where dwells she *now*,

This majesty of Liberty we own,  
This goddess of our free Republic's faith,  
This stay of all our homes, and all our rights,  
This queen our Washington so proudly  
served?

Dwells she where party spirit for mean ends,  
For personal and petty greed, works out  
Mean deeds, and shames the nation with  
their blots?

Dwells she where numbers of the people lie  
'Neath lash of persecution for their creed—  
Low persecution, dealing not in death,  
That is too high for such; *it* martyrs make—  
But dealing in the slurs which fret a life  
That fain would be its country's pulse and  
hope?

Dwells she in places high, where men that  
hold

The sacred trust great Washington be-  
queathed,

The places vacant left by heroes dead,  
Degrade their nation by Corruption's code,  
Fold up Truth's banner, thrusting it behind  
The chair of state for base concealment?

Nay,

Another question: Think you, Liberty,



The queen we claim our own, dwells in  
proud halls  
The peoples' hands have reared for justice'  
sake,

Where laws are made coercing consciences,  
Where e'en the children's souls are seized  
upon,

And bound by fetters heavier than those  
Of any slavery earth hath offered yet?  
Earth fetters bodies only—these the soul.  
Pray, dwells the Liberty ye sing and vaunt  
Where such vile chains await the innocents?  
Nay, not in one of these.

Where dwells she then?  
Our star, our dearest love, our gem of life!  
Oh, ye who call the world to look on us  
With eyes that envy, wonder, and admire,  
Because she dwelleth here,—*where is her  
home?*

In all the length and breadth of this proud  
land,

*Where stands the radiant throne of Liberty?*  
Oh, holy, Apostolic, Catholic,  
And undivided Church! *in thee alone!*  
In thy grand keeping, by thy Truth sus-  
tained;

Beneath the shelter of thy stay, the Cross;  
Where Justice rules, and all in God's sweet  
care,

Are brothers truly, and where Charity  
On Justice's right hand holds holy power;  
Outside of which, Truth *is not*—there alone  
Imperial doth she dwell, our earthly star,  
Our heav'nly guest, God's angel, Liberty!  
Oh, ye who boast her presence, yet insult  
Her dwelling, pray, remember her fair life  
Is bound up in that temple ye would crush!  
With Catholicity dies Liberty!

## A TRIP TO IRELAND.

"She is a rich and rare land;  
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;  
She is a dear and rare land—  
This native land of mine."—DAVIS.

A TRIP to Ireland! What interest has a trip to Ireland for American readers? Yes; Ireland possesses a thousand charms—a thousand attractions for millions on this side of the Atlantic. Others may prefer to visit France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Greece, Egypt, or Palestine; but for Irishmen there is no place like Ireland, no place so rich in historic memories, no place so embellished by nature with picturesque and sublime scenery.

Even in his happiest moments the exile pines for the land of his birth, and this is specially true of the warm-hearted Irishman. No matter how long the Irish exile may have enjoyed the blessings of American freedom, no matter with what felicity a happy home may have blessed him, no matter what honors his genius, learning, virtues, or honest industry may have won for him, he still longs to revisit the scenes of his childhood, and to meet once more friends and companions whose faces can never

fade from his memory. Even though the grave may have closed over his nearest and dearest, the green hills of his native land have for him an historic interest which no foreign clime can ever possess. We are told that after many years of exile one of the United Irishmen returned to Ireland, and that, when asked what had induced him to revisit the land of his birth, when the green grass was growing over the graves of all his friends, he promptly responded, "I came to see the mountains," a memorable answer which has become the theme of a touching and beautiful poem. In truth the briar in an Irish hedge is dearer to many an exiled son of Erin than the fairest flower that can be seen in a rich American garden.

—— "Not the richest rose  
In an alien clime that blows,  
Like the briar at home that grows,  
Is dear."

So sang an Irish poet who tasted the bitterness of exile, and who sleeps his last sleep in an American grave, far from the land whose praises he celebrated in immortal verse. Neither time nor distance can weaken



an Irishman's love for Ireland. "Absence," says Moore, "however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather tends to strengthen our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become at a distance softened, or altogether invisible. Nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to wring her into undutifulness."

The truth of these words cannot be denied, for though they were addressed to a lady (the Marchioness of Donegal) whose Protestant prejudices Moore did not wish to offend, they still supply a proof of his patriotism and of his manly spirit of independence. Ireland, indeed, is the country which the Irish exile most fondly remembers, and a trip to Ireland is a pleasure which makes his heart young again—a pleasure which banishes care and kills sorrow. The appearance of friends may have changed, time may have set its marks upon faces which once looked young and beautiful, the village in which we were born may wear a new aspect, but there are some things in Ireland always the same. No matter how long we may be absent from her shores, we will always find her hills and fields as green as ever, her valleys as blooming as ever, her rivers as majestic as ever, her lakes as romantic as ever, her ruins as interesting as ever, her music as sweet as ever, her faith as unconquerable as ever, and the hearts of her people as true and as generous as ever. I know not whether these are the feel-

ings and impressions of others, but I am certain they were the feelings which animated my breast when, on the 4th of July, 1874, I bade farewell for a few months to my books, and sailed for Queenstown from New York on the good ship *Spain*, of the National Line. The master of this splendid steamer is Captain Grace, who, by long, faithful, and efficient service, has won the title of Commodore of the National fleet. An abler or more conscientious captain never trod a deck. I have crossed the Atlantic nine times; I have devoted especial attention to the treatment of passengers and the discipline of crews; I must say, and I say it with pleasure, that I never met an officer who enforces stricter discipline, and pays more delicate attention to passengers than Captain Grace. Steerage passengers who for years have suffered untold wrongs, are his special care. Accompanied by the surgeon and purser he daily examines their food, and makes it his business to have the rules of health duly observed. Female emigrants cannot be insulted with impunity under his vigilant care. Indeed, to the lasting credit of the National Steamship Company, it must be said that its most active members were the first to institute necessary reforms in the steerage departments of all their vessels, reforms which are now adopted by the managers of other steamship lines. "Like priest," says the old adage, "like people," and in the same spirit it may be said, like captain like crew. If the master of a vessel forgets his duty, his subordinates, with rare exceptions, will follow his example. Under the watchful eye of Captain Grace no officer, no sailor could sleep at his post. He was himself a model for all his men. Such was his fidelity to duty that for forty hours in a thick fog he was not ten minutes off the bridge of the steamer. How many terrible and lamentable disasters might be avoided at sea if captains



were equally vigilant, equally faithful to duty! In pausing thus for a moment to give the captain of the *Spain* the praise to which he is eminently entitled, I have performed what I consider a grateful and honorable duty. The inhuman treatment to which I have seen steerage passengers subjected on more than one steamer, makes it incumbent on me to pay my humble tribute to a humane and worthy officer. It is unnecessary to speak of the treatment of cabin passengers, because they receive every attention which they can reasonably expect. They have all the comforts which can be found in a first-class hotel, unless sea-sickness or rough weather prevents them from enjoying the good things with which they are plentifully supplied. Such was the impression which the rich saloon of the *Spain* made on me. After a pleasant voyage of nine days the hills of Kerry met my gaze on the morning of the 12th of July, the passengers gave three cheers for old Ireland, and a few hours later the steam tug of the National Line came in sight at a short distance from Queenstown. As the tug approached us, a stalwart Irishman on the deck of the *Spain* sang in a clear and loud voice the following verses, which were cheered to the echo by all the passengers, Scotch, English, Irish, and American:

"The savage loves his native shore,  
Though rude the soil, and chill the air;  
Then well may Erin's sons adore  
Their isle which nature formed so fair.  
What flood reflects a shore so sweet  
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?  
Or who a friend, or foe can meet  
So generous as an Irishman?"

At length the small steamer was made fast to the large one, and all who intended to land in Queenstown, myself among them, boarded her without delay. A passenger, with stentorian voice, shouted, "Three cheers for the captain," which were given with good will; we bade adieu to the *Spain*, and in a few minutes were safely landed in Queenstown.

"We are once more in Ireland," said I to an old friend who met me on the shore. "Yes, sir; and you are *welcome*," was the prompt reply. After spending a week in Queenstown, I visited the most famous places in the four provinces. Irish scenery is always beautiful, Irish hospitality always royal; but neither the natural scenery of the country, nor the generous hospitality of its people, had such attractions for me as the incontestable evidences of educational and religious progress which everywhere delight the eye of the Christian traveller.

To describe scenery which tourists, essayists, novelists, and poets have described a hundred times is not my purpose. There is no country in Europe in which American tourists can feast their eyes with more beautiful and sublime scenery than in Ireland. The graphic pen of a Scott, or a Washington Irving, could not do justice to Irish scenery. No words can describe it, no pencil can paint it. "I think," said Thackeray, "Irish scenery just like the Irish melodies, sweet, wild, and sad, even in the sunshine. You can represent neither the one nor the other by words; but I am sure if one could translate 'The Meeting of the Waters' into form and colors, it would fall into the exact shape of a tender Irish landscape. As for the Londoner, who is meditating a trip to the Rhine for the summer, or to Brittany or Normandy, let us beseech him to see Ireland first; and if, after twenty-four hours of an easy journey from London, the cockney be not placed in the midst of a country as beautiful, as strange to him, as romantic as the most imaginative man on 'Change can desire; may this work (his *Irish Sketch-book*) be praised by the critics all round, and never reach a second edition!"

The celebrated traveller, Henry David Inglis, who made a tour through Ireland in 1834, thus speaks of the descent of the Blackwater:



"We have had descents of the Danube, and descents of the Rhine and the Rhone, and of many other rivers; but we have not in print, as far as I know, any descent of the Blackwater; and yet, with all these descents of foreign rivers in my recollection, I think the descent of the Blackwater not surpassed by any of them. A detail of all that is seen in gliding down the Blackwater, from Cappoquin to Youghal, would fill a long chapter. There is every combination that can be produced by the elements that enter into the picturesque and the beautiful—deep shades, bold rocks, verdant slopes, with the triumphs of art superadded, and made visible in magnificent houses and beautiful villas, with their decorated lawns and pleasure-grounds."

"In many kinds of scenery," says the patriotic Thomas Davis, "we can challenge comparison. Europe has no lake so dreamily beautiful as Killarney; no bays where the boldness of Norway unites with the coloring of Naples, as in Bantry; and you might coast the world without finding cliffs so vast and so terrible as Achill and Slieve League. Glorious, too, as the Rhine is, we doubt if its warmest admirers would exclude from rivalry the Nore and the Blackwater, if they had seen the tall cliffs, and the twisted slopes, and the ruined aisles, and the glancing mountains, and the feudal castles through which you boat up from Youghal to Mallow, or glide down from Thomastown to Waterford harbor." Scenery which a Scotchman, an Irishman, and an Englishman are unanimous in praising, must command the admiration of American tourists who can appreciate the sublime and beautiful in art and nature.

Unhappily American travellers do not delay long enough in Ireland to examine her scenery, or to compare its beauties with the natural charms of other countries. In saying this, I do not refer to Irish-Americans.

They seldom think the time which they spend in the old land too long. But enough of Irish scenery. My object in visiting the country was to ascertain, as far as was possible or convenient for me, the social, political, educational, and religious progress which the people have made during the past hundred years.

Ireland is not in as flourishing a condition as she would be under the fostering and beneficent influence of a native parliament. Her great natural and industrial resources are undeveloped. Millions of acres, which capital, judiciously directed, could make as productive and as profitable as the fair fields of Munster and the rich plains of Leinster, are still unreclaimed; rivers that could turn a thousand mills flow idly to the ocean; lakes, admirably fitted for internal navigation, are occupied only by the yachts of local aristocrats; harbors, that could shelter all the fleets of the world, are sometimes untenanted by a single merchant ship, and the cry of the emigrant is the only sound that interrupts the dull quiet that reigns in many an historic Irish town. Where you would expect to see palaces of industry, the poorhouse, the curse of Ireland, is sometimes the most sightly edifice that meets the eye. Why should idleness be supported at the expense of Irish industry? Why should state-craft seal the fountains of private charity? Alas, the poorhouses have replaced the old monasteries! Living tombs have been substituted for those noble asylums of charity, in which the old and infirm, the sick and needy, always found a home which ignorant government officials never darkened with their presence. Poorhouses are necessary in Protestant countries; but in Catholic lands they are fertile sources of vice and misery. The Catholic Church, wherever free and unfettered, has made provisions for every form of human suffering. In Ireland she has been robbed and plun-



dered for centuries, and one of the sad effects of the cruel persecutions to which she has been subjected is the establishment of poorhouses, which have realized the worst anticipations of O'Connell and Archbishop MacHale.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Ireland is not as wretched as she was fifty years ago. The people are steadily advancing in education, culture, and prosperity. They are better fed, better clad, and better educated than they have been for centuries. In spite of bad legislation, in spite of landlord despotism, in spite of the incubus of a State church which daily outraged their religious feelings and traditions, in spite of educational disabilities which still indirectly perpetuate the worst features of the penal code, in spite of the want of enterprise which keeps capital idle and unprofitable, their progress in the grand career of national improvement is marked and decided. This is a truth which all critics and reviewers, native and foreign, Irish and English, seem to admit. We cannot close our eyes to facts, and a few unquestionable facts may carry conviction where well-rounded periods and nicely-balanced sentences might fail. "Facts," says the old adage, "are stubborn things." The tempest of persecution, which swept with such destructive force over Ireland, prostrated in the dust those monuments of piety and temples of learning which for centuries had made the island the wonder of Christendom. Neither Church, nor school, nor college, nor convent, nor monastery was left to cheer, console, or bless with the gift of knowledge, the afflicted and persecuted population. Nothing survived the destructive fury of the conqueror save the ruins which marked his progress through the entire land. The hedge-school replaced the famous universities, and the "mass-field" the noble cathedrals of happier times.

"Not a church," says Cardinal

Wiseman, "was left to Irishmen; not a place in which to assemble to worship God; not a college, not a school, not an institution by which religion could be supported or propagated up; not any of those appliances by which the inward devotion is so much warmed and sustained; not a function of the Church, not an object which could move the religious affections, hardly even the power of receiving instruction; it is a miracle, indeed, how, with the loss, the total loss, of every one of these almost necessary aids to religion for so many centuries, it was preserved, not only alive, but bright and brilliant; not only warm, but burning in the hearts of the entire population. If there remained—I will not say a splendid cathedral, but a church like the one (St. Michael's, Ballinasloe) in which we are now assembled—preserved from the olden time for Catholic worship, I believe that, notwithstanding the stability of its structure, the very stones would be kissed away by the lips of pilgrims."

Such were the words of the immortal predecessor of Cardinal Manning about eighteen years ago. Let us compare the present with the past, and prove by figures the actual religious progress which Ireland has made since the first relaxation of the penal code. One hundred years ago there was not a single substantial Catholic church edifice in the whole island; to-day the churches and chapels number nearly 2400. The thatched chapels in which our fathers heard mass have entirely disappeared. There is scarcely a diocese in which magnificent cathedrals are not already consecrated or in course of erection. During the past twenty-five years especially, the work of building cathedrals worthy of mediæval piety has been prosecuted with a success which has excited the wonder of more powerful nations. In the middle of the eighteenth century the priests of Ireland scarcely



numbered 1000; at present they number 3500. Eighty-six years ago there was not even one Catholic college in all Ireland; to-day she can boast of the greatest ecclesiastical seat of learning in Christendom (Maynooth), and a noble university with forty-seven affiliated colleges. To these must be added the missionary college of All Hallows, in which two hundred and fifty students are educated for the foreign mission. It is now thirty-four years since a pious priest, the Rev. John Hand, founded, with the approbation of Pope Gregory XVI, this deserving institution for the purpose of carrying the faith of St. Patrick to distant lands. He saw the victims of poverty and oppression weekly emigrating by thousands to the British Colonies and the United States, and the sad spectacle suggested to his Catholic heart the necessity of establishing a college for the education of self-sacrificing priests who would follow their brethren to their new homes, and bless them with the consolations of that holy religion to which their forefathers had clung with such heroic fidelity. The good priest begged from door to door the funds which enabled him to establish, within one mile of the Irish metropolis, the college in which so many noble and zealous priests have been trained and educated for the foreign mission.

Heaven blessed his grand undertaking with a success which realized the fondest anticipations of his most active patrons and supporters. Before he was called to his reward in 1846, he had the pleasure of seeing fifty students prepared to preach the gospel in different parts of the world. What people but the Irish would establish and support by voluntary contributions a great missionary college on the eve of a terrible famine? But there is no sacrifice too great for that generous people in the cause of charity, religion, and education. It is unnecessary to re-

mind the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD that All Hallows' College is still sustained by the voluntary contributions of the faithful. May it live and flourish. *Vivat et floreat.* In the national schools primary instruction is imparted to nearly a million of Irish children. There are in Ireland at present 172 religious communities of men and 255 of women—almost all devoted to the glorious work of giving the rising generation a pure Catholic education. The Christian Brothers alone are educating thirty thousand pupils. They have certainly deserved well of the Irish people. By writing and compiling a set of excellent school books, they have compelled the leading members of an anti-Irish Board of Education to become more national.

The present condition of a few dioceses, over which the waves of ruin swept with fearful force, strikingly illustrates the religious and educational progress of which I am speaking. The ancient diocese of Ferns embraces the entire county of Wexford and part of Wicklow. Every student of Irish history knows the conspicuous part which the gallant people of Wexford played in the rebellion of 1798. They fought with heroic courage against fearful odds, and only yielded to the cruel foe when all but honor was lost. At the close of the rebellion the entire county was a scene of ruin and desolation. Not one house of Catholic worship escaped the fury of a brutalized soldiery. But, thanks to Celtic piety and heroism, Wexford has risen, like the phoenix, from its ashes. In the diocese of Ferns there are to-day 90 churches and chapels, 1 college, 6 superior schools, 150 Catholic primary schools, 80 public Catholic circulating libraries, and a Catholic population of 136,000. Is not this progress with a vengeance?

The diocese of Raphoe embraces nearly all Donegal, with the exception of the far-famed Innishowen,

whose bold and faithful Celtic inhabitants Charles Gavan Duffy has immortalized in one of his most popular and soul-stirring poems. When the late Bishop McGettigan was a boy, there was not even one humble chapel in this ruined diocese which it was his glory to build up, with the assistance of a poor but generous population. He was accustomed for many years to attend divine worship in a secluded spot in the open air. A rude canvas tent sheltered the priest, while the people in storm and sunshine knelt around him on the green sward. During the celebration of mass two watchmen were stationed on the top of an adjoining hill to notify the congregation when the Presbyterians might come suddenly upon them. Such were the youthful experiences of Bishop McGettigan; yet, when he died a few years ago, there were in the diocese of Raphoe 44 churches, 1 college, and 203 primary schools attended by nearly 18,000 Catholic pupils. This is progress of which the Catholics of Donegal may feel proud.

In the historic diocese of Armagh, 95 churches, 17 seminaries and high schools, and 10 convents have been erected during the present century. I might multiply examples of similar progress in other Irish dioceses, but enough has been said to prove that the faith was never stronger in Ireland than at present. It seems to be rooted in the soil and the hearts of the people. "It is the true growth," says Cardinal Wiseman, "of the soil itself; and beautiful indeed as the most fair and lovely flower of the garden—graceful as the rose of Jericho, sweet as the lily of the valley, stately as the cedar of Libanus, fruitful as the grain which, in the steppes of Tartary, is to be gathered ripe, and uncult by the sickle, rich as the clustering grapes of the vines of Engaddi, where they grow amid the ordinary productions of the soil, and where,

unlike those of Judea, they need not to be planted or pruned. As indigenous as any of these, as fruitful and as beautiful, the Catholic faith is the growth of Irish soil." This is Irish faith described in the language of a prophet. Great as has been the religious, the educational progress of the people during the past century has been as marked and as gratifying. "It may with certainty be asserted," says Cardinal Manning, "that the people of Ireland were never so well or so universally educated as at this day."

The past twenty-five years especially have been years of wonderful religious and educational improvement. "The history of the Catholic Church in Ireland," said the fathers of the National Synod of Maynooth a few months ago, "the history of the Catholic Church in Ireland during the last twenty-five years is a history of graces, manifold and surpassing rich, outpoured on her by God, like precious ointment on the head, running down to the skirts of her garment, as the dew of Hermon which descended on Mount Sion. It would seem as if the Synod of Thurles marked that turning-point in her fortunes of old beheld in vision by our apostle, St. Patrick, when he saw the mystic lights of her holy places, that had been reduced to a faint glimmer, flash forth at a given time, far and wide, in all the beauty of their pristine brilliancy." The vision referred to in this extract by the Irish Bishops may need explanation for young American readers unacquainted with Irish history. We are told by Irish historians and annalists that St. Patrick saw in vision the future history of the faith which he had planted in Ireland. At first the whole island was illumined with its heavenly light. At a later period it gradually grew dim until it was scarcely visible. At last the fading rays blazed forth once more with all the glory of a noonday sun. The



first period refers to those halcyon days when Ireland was the happy island of saints, and of scholars, and the light of western Europe. The second part of the vision has a special reference to the three centuries of the martyrdom of the Irish Church which commenced with the persecutions of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and closed with the penal code. These were the dark and dreadful days when the priest was an outlaw, and when the lamp of religion was hidden in the recesses of the mountains. The last era has already dawned upon Ireland. It commenced with the first relaxation of the penal code, when the light of the old faith appeared once more in the land, and gradually grew brighter and brighter till at present it shines "in all the beauty of its pristine brilliancy."

To-day the faith of St. Patrick sheds its light not only upon Ireland, and England, and Scotland, but upon distant islands and continents. To-day the ancient Church of Innisfail numbers more devoted children than any other national church in Christendom. "What other race since the apostles," says Cardinal Man-

ning, "has so spread the faith on earth? There is at this hour an Irish and Catholic population in England, Scotland, Canada, Australia, and the United States double in numbers as compared with the whole population of Ireland. They are multiplying beyond all other races; founding churches and episcopates, building cathedrals, raising everywhere altars, schools, colleges, convents, and covering the surface of new countries—I may say new continents—with the Catholic faith, as fervent, fruitful and pure, as in Dublin, Cashel, Tuam, and Armagh."

Yes, the Celts are multiplying. Nor is there any probability that Ireland will ever become a rich grazing farm to supply England with good beef and mutton. Ireland at this moment represents a great nationality; and if her present condition is not all sunshine, her future is golden with promise. It was my intention to speak of the political condition of the country, especially of the progress of the home-rule movement, but space compels me to finish on some future occasion my "trip to the Emerald isle."

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## SONNET.

FRA ANGELICO.

ART is true art when art to God is true,  
 And only then. To copy nature's work  
 Without the chains that run the whole world through  
 Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk  
 In its clear depths: no soul, no truth is there.  
 Oh, praise your Rubens and his fleshly brush!  
 Oh, love your Titiens and his carnal air!  
 Give me the trilling of a pure-toned thrush,  
 And take your gold-red parrots. Artist—saint!  
 Oh, Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed  
 In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint;  
 You show to us pure joys for which you sighed,  
 Your heart was in your work, you never feigned,  
 You left us here the Paradise you gained!

## STRAYED FROM THE FOLD.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

## BROKEN CHAINS.

THE cynical and splenetic poet, Alexander Pope, thus wrote to his friend Lord Bolingbroke, after a severe illness: "I have learned that there is more true wisdom to be acquired in one week spent in a sick-room, than in all the books of theology and philosophy that have ever been written." Adele fully realized, upon her recovery, the force of this maxim. Her long contest with the sufferings of the flesh, developed the germ of a latent power and force of character that surprised even herself. She saw, as in a magic mirror, her past; undivested of the meretricious glitter of the world's adornment, and the sacrifice of all true womanhood, that she had laid on the shrine of Moloch, now appeared in all its genuine hideousness. In how far this error could be repaired, and her soul rehabilitated in truth and purity, now became the subject of her constant meditation. To live over again the life of the month succeeding her marriage; to profane the sacramental bond, and "they two shall be as one flesh;" one in love, one in interest, one in sorrow, one in joy; one in a unity so strong, so perfect, that only death could sever this adamant bond; to keep this compact to the letter, and yet profane it in the spirit; to accept all the advantages of the carnal trammels, yet ignore the solemn covenant of God; this would be indeed a prostitution of the highest and holiest design of that divine institution. Revolving all these considerations, her conscience revolted against the idea of living again as the wife of Mr. Rowland, until she could fulfil those conditions. But she had assumed a life obligation to

this man, and she intended to abide by the trust. She would return then, to his home, as she had been commanded to do, but only in the capacity of daughter or sister; to do the honors of his house, to make his interests, his comfort her main consideration, and to receive her due as the mistress from all.

The time of settlement had come, and she nerved herself to meet it; braced herself to bear heroically the storm of vulgar abuse that followed, upon "her cursed sentimentality." But her calm eloquence, and that innate force which purity of principle and intention always yields over the most ignorant and basest minds, won her triumph. The acquisition of wealth, and the good opinion of the world, were the two cardinal points in Mr. Rowland's profession of faith. It was to the last Nemesis alone that Adele mainly owed the ultimate acceptance of her terms of amity. That the envious, truckling herd should know that he had been foiled in holding his hardly earned prize; foiled in moulding this frail, delicate piece of mechanism, through the virtue and tact of a mere baby-girl, seemed to be a far more serious matter in his eyes, than the actual loss of the prize itself. So Adele returned to her husband's home, and like a deposed queen, who in exile had learned her own rights, and the weakness of her enemies, and through affliction had attained force; so, she, to the amazement of Miss Rowland, with Louise for her prime minister, quietly assumed the reins of government. Her gentle firmness and dignity, under the numerous tongue-tornadoes that greeted her *régime*, finally convinced Miss Hannah that quiet submission was the only course now left her, in lieu of her former



perogatives of office. The wonderful change wrought in the character of his wife, was a subject of constant astonishment to Mr. Rowland. He looked daily for a relapse into her old *insouciance*, believing her present course but one of the many phases of her recent illness. But as time passed, and he saw no return of her former impulsiveness, but on the contrary a steady development of the calm, self-reliant qualities of mature womanhood, he began to look upon her as something superior and unapproachable; and so by degrees dropped the imperative manner he had always used when speaking to her. Contrary to his former course, he now was desirous of seeing her take a prominent position in the world of fashion, and insisted upon a series of entertainments at his own house. Adele's life had become so deeply introverted, that such excitement was actually oppressive to her. But obedience to his wishes had been a part of the sacrifice assumed; and so long as there was no infringement upon vital points, she readily complied. Thus two years of this probation had passed, bringing to her the passive peace that is the reward of accomplished duties; that peace, which, without the power of bestowing happiness, can yet yield the blessing of repose. The past she had buried. Only the name of Angelo Leland arose with the incense of prayer. His soul she felt was still a part of her charge, and all his necessities "whether the present world still retains him in the flesh, or the world to come has already received him;" this was a portion of each day's oblation. At the beginning of the third year after her return to her husband, Mr. Rowland was suddenly struck with paralysis. Contrary to the expectations and remonstrance of the family, Adele at once assumed the position of nurse, and tended him with the devotion, if not the tenderness, of a loving wife. At times, it seemed as if nothing but

the spirit of a perfect love could sustain her in this new ordeal; but the fruit of sacrifice, and the power of prayer, proved stronger stimulants than even human love, and upheld her through the performance of the most fatiguing and repulsive duties. Six months thus passed, and all hope of restoration was abandoned. Every effort to impart to him the consolations of religion had failed. "He had lived," he said, "without it, and he didn't mean to turn coward, like a woman, in dying." As the subject became only a source of violent irritation, it was dropped. He never evinced any appreciation of Adele's devotion, except that he was more patient with her than with others. She tried to divert and entertain him with books, but they "bored him;" only the newspapers, and a chapter in the Bible on Sundays, "just by way of being respectable," interested him. One day when reading the paper for him, she observed that he seemed inclined to sleep, so she laid it down and resumed her needlework. Presently she felt that his eyes were fixed intently upon her face.

"You made pretty tough terms with me," at length he suddenly said; "but you have been a good little wife, and kept things mighty snug in this sick-room. I think there is something queer the matter with me to-day, I feel so strange."

"Can I do anything to relieve you?" said Adele, rising and smoothing his pillow.

"No; it ain't that; these con-founded old pains can't be helped, I suppose. But I've got to thinking, and everything I ever done in my youth keeps coming before me just like a picture."

"Perhaps if you would talk about these things, it might dispel the illusion."

"Yes, I've been thinking of some things I'd like you to know, Adie, but they won't make you think any better of me, I'll promise you. Do

you mind a letter I got with a black seal, that Hannah was so curious about?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, that told me of the death of a woman that I once had a great fancy for, and, to make a bad story short, that I deceived by a sham marriage."

Adele gave a start, and an expression of horror. But without noticing it, he continued:

"The letter was written by her daughter. You'll find it among my papers. I tell you this so you may understand the codicil to my will of that very date. Some way, I felt rather bad, and thought that I ought to do something for the children."

"Children! whose children?" exclaimed Adele, greatly agitated.

"Her's and mine; twin girls," he replied.

"Oh, Mr. Rowland! and have you never provided for them, or their mother?"

"Never. But it wasn't just my fault. When she found out the trick, she was too tarnation proud to take anything from me; but turned in and supported herself, teaching a little school, and sewing."

"Oh! I trust, I beg, Mr. Rowland, that you will do them justice now," said Adele earnestly. "Only think of the reparation you owe the mother, through them; and how much such an atonement will do for your own soul."

"Yes, I suppose that's all right. But somehow I can't care much for folks I've never seen; but I'll do something; only it would be an ugly story to get out. I've told you now just to stop curiosity when my will is read."

"It may be long before that day. Don't, I pray you, Mr. Rowland, don't wait. Let me act for you now, at once," said Adele, beseechingly.

"No, I won't; so don't worry me any more about it;" and he closed his eyes as if for sleep.

Two days after he was struck by a

fit of apoplexy, and without recovering consciousness, death followed in a few hours. All the pomp and pageantry of wealth followed him to the grave, but failed to purchase one loving heart; and the *requiescat in pace* died on Adele's lips before uttered.

A comfortable provision was left by his will to his sister; some minor bequests to a few friends, and the residue of his property, valued at \$300,000, was left unreservedly to his wife. A murmur of congratulation and surprise ran through the room; but Adele sat immovably calm. She awaited the codicil, fully expecting that by it this immense fortune would be changed to a competence only. Mr. Brent continued to read: "I do hereby will and bequeath to Sarah and Rachel Hunter, the surviving twin daughters of my old friend Mary Smith, residing in the town of —, State of Maine, each the sum of \$5000."

This was all; and Adele found herself the richest woman in the West. Throughout the warm congratulations of her friends, she seemed by her passive calmness more like a woman who had lost, instead of one who had gained "great expectations."

"We had hoped, Adele," said Mr. Lyman, "that we should now have you home again with us. But since your husband has given such a noble appreciation of your worth, of course it is only proper that you should represent his name and fortune by retaining your own establishment."

"I will let you know, uncle, my conclusions in a few days," she replied, "but you must promise to believe that whatever I do, will be from my own sense of right and duty."

## CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

### REPARATION.

AN elegant establishment and \$300,000! Truly a princely for-



tune, forty years ago, when ideas were moderate, tastes less extravagant, and luxuries rather the exception than the rule, as now. Three hundred thousand dollars! a good price, for the trifling sacrifice of the pure affection of two young hearts, and for the daily torture of learning how to bring in subjection, all promptings for the attainment of a higher life. A goodly price for the long hours of desolation, when the spirit hungered in anguish for the sound of a sympathetic voice. A goodly price for the ceaseless remorse and deferred hope that hung like a black pall over the uncertain fate of one life; a price that hurled a soul from the summit of an all-saving faith and glorified hope, down to the deeps of an abyssmal despair. True, she had waited long for this compensation; but now that the guerdon was attained, and beauty and ambition were still crowned with glowing youth, the blight that had so long dimmed the lustre of hope, must now surely be dispelled by this unlooked-for fall of *Danæ's* golden rain. But no. This long protracted prize now seemed to Adele like the thirty pieces of silver; for was it not the price of a soul? Could she now indorse and gild her sinful sacrifice by accepting this blood-dyed gold? Never! There were others who had a stronger, a holier claim. By relinquishing it to them, a double atonement would be made, and her conscience acquitted. In a few days, she laid before her lawyer, Mr. Brent, and Mr. Lyman, her decision, at the same time relating to them the story told her by Mr. Rowland in reference to his children. After directing \$25,000 to be distributed in some special charities, she retained \$5000 a year for her own income, and then transferred the whole residue to the daughters of Mr. Rowland. The gentlemen were speechless with astonishment; but all subsequent arguments and entreaties failed to

change her determination. "You may think," she said, "in retaining so large an income for one person, that I am making but a *quasi* sacrifice; but while I do not feel that I am obliged to reduce myself to poverty, I also am desirous of having it in my own power, to help with this dearly bought wealth some of God's suffering creatures. So you see, I am selfish enough to keep a portion in my own hand, that I may not be compelled to turn the worthy petitioner from my door."

Society was in a ferment of mingled astonishment and indignation when these facts were developed, but Mrs. Grundy settled the whole question by bringing in a verdict of insanity.

One of Adele's strongest yearnings for years had been to visit her mother's grave, and the dear sunny Southland of her birth; and now that thought and action were both free, she also determined never to rest, while the fate of Angelo Leland still remained a mystery; but to do all in her power to atone for the past, and thereby to restore her conscience to peace. Leaving home early in the summer, with Louise for protector, she went first to the old home of her childhood, and as soon as sufficiently rested, visited her mother's old friend, Father Halloran. "You do not remember me, father," she said, as he looked inquiringly, and with a strangely questioning look, into her face. When she told him her name, and the object of her long journey, the memory of the child returned vividly to the good father, and he asked her many questions of her past and present, he soon gathering through his knowledge of the human heart, that more thorns and roses had been woven in the crown of her youthful years.

"But, my child," he said, "your face is so strangely familiar to me, and yet even the most faithful memory can scarcely recognize the features of the child in the lineaments of the woman. I have it!" he suddenly ex-

claimed. "It is my Madonna. You must come to the chapel and look at my gem," he said with enthusiasm, and he led the way by a door that communicated with the house through the sacristy. After a genuflexion and short prayer, Father Halloran opened the sanctuary railing, and led her to a picture that hung on one side of the altar. What a vision of loveliness, what a depth of pathos looked down upon her from those eyes. True, she could not fail to see the likeness to herself, but it was too far sanctified by suffering and purity for any human countenance even to approach such an idealization. The treatment although purely original, yet suggested the exquisite "*Misericordia di Lucca*" of Fra Bartolomeo, which he painted about two years before his death. With arms extended, as if in supplication, and eyes raised to heaven, the blessed mother stood, in majestic size and attitude, her robes of white and blue flowing peacefully as if stirred by a gentle wind, while the exquisite faces of two angels looked from amid the clouds as if in response to her prayer. Adele was deeply moved, and wondered by what chance such a work of undoubted value had found its way to this distant little church. As soon as they were again in the house, she asked Father Halloran to tell her the origin of the picture, as it was undoubtedly a splendid copy of one of the old masters. "You are mistaken, my child," he said, "and will be more surprised when I tell you that the artist who executed that work was a member of an itinerant circus band. Sit down and I will tell you how I chanced upon such a providential treasure. Let me see. Yes, I think it was just about four years ago this summer, that I was called late one night to see a very sick child, of one of the members of a circus company that had arrived a few days previously in the town. A little girl of about eight

years I found lying in a kind of hammock in one of the tents attached to the amphitheatre. After exchanging a few words with a pleasant faced, buxom looking woman, who proved to be her mother, she stooped over the child, and said very gently, 'The priest is here, darling;' when the child opened her eyes, and fixed them with a smile on my face. Discovering that the parents were not Catholics, I said: 'Why is it that you have sent for me instead of a Protestant clergyman?' 'It is true, sir, that we are not Catholics,' she replied, 'but my little daughter is. You see, sir, we found that our kind of roving life was very bad for her, and as I had a troublesome baby, and couldn't keep her always under my eye, we left her two years ago in Baltimore, with the Good Sisters of Charity, because we thought they would be better than any body else, because they were always so good to the poor and the sick. Since she was taken sick, she keeps on asking for the father who could tell her nice things about God, and the angels, and so, sir, being worried, I took the liberty of sending for you.' As the woman was talking, the child became very restless, repeating, 'I want Mr. Mason to sing for me.' To my look of inquiry the mother said, 'It is the gentleman, sir, that left when you came in. She is very fond of him, and no wonder, for he is as tender as a woman with her, though he is cross and silent with every one else, and all the company fears him like a sort of king.'

"After talking awhile to the little girl, I found the child as spotless as an angel; and feeling sure that she would die, I determined to give her the Viaticum the next day, seeing also that she fully understood the solemnity of this great mystery. As I approached the tent the next morning, I was struck with the sound of a fine tenor voice, singing in a subdued and plaintive tone, 'Jesus, Saviour of



my soul.' There was such an appealing pathos in the expression, such a flow of harmony in the intonations, that I was riveted to the spot, fearing to break the spell of this most moving interpretation that I had ever heard of that grand old hymn. As it ceased, I entered the tent, and found the person whom I subsequently knew as Mr. Mason, sitting with the child in his arms. I was particularly struck with the contrast he presented by his remarkably handsome appearance and manners to the rest of the men. When he saw me, he arose, and hastily laying the child in the hammock with a cold bow, he quitted the tent. I found the little girl much weaker, but she knew me, and said at once, 'Father, did you bring me our Lord?'

"After explaining to her parents the nature and mystery of the Sacrament, she received it with the glowing fervor of an angel, while her little white face seem illumined as if by a vision of their presence. That night she died. I shall never forget the scene. The shouts of laughter, the crashing of the music from the adjoining circus, the harlequin figure of the clown, her father, as he came in from time to time, sobbing over the little dying form; and again forced to return to convulse with laughter, while his own heart was breaking, the assembled crowds; it was an illustration between the buffoonery of life and the grand solemnity of death, in a pageant so striking, so diverse, that it can never be effaced from my memory. As I was reading the prayers for the dying, more indeed to comfort the living, Mr. Mason, who had noiselessly entered, uncovered his head, and bent over the dying little one. She opened her eyes, smiled, and extended her little white hand; then, amid peals of laughter and shouts of applause resounding from the circus, she went back with the angels to heaven, just as her father rushed in, the paint on his face besmeared by

his tears, and his whole frame convulsed with the tension of nerve that had compelled him to sustain such a trying ordeal.

"Mr. Mason had not only excited my interest, but my curiosity also, for it was evident, that he was out of his element in such an incongruous assemblage; so upon my next visit to Mrs. Jones, I asked her how he came to join the company. 'Indeed, sir,' she replied, 'it surprises us as much as it does you. All I know, sir, is that he answered an advertisement of Mr. Smith, the manager, for a person to keep the books of the company, and was accepted. He never noticed any of us until my little girl, who took a great fancy to him, would go and talk to him, until he seemed to grow very fond of her; and after she took sick, he was with her whenever he could be, and seemed to know just the kind of talk she loved to hear. He is always alone, and except me, I don't think he ever spoke to any ladies of the company. One day I took the liberty of joking him about it, and he grew so angry, and said something so desperate like about women that I never tried it again. The only thing he seems to like is cards, and he sits up night after night playing, and sometimes, my husband says, he grows very angry, and swears awful hard; then perhaps the next minute he would be as gentle as a child, and was always ready to draw pictures and tell stories for my poor sick little one. Ah, sir, I often think that the bad in him comes from some hard trouble, for he hasn't neither the looks nor ways of a man that has grown up on it.'

"A few days after this conversation Mrs. Jones called to bid me good by. After expressing her gratitude over and over again, not only for my attention to her child, but also for the religious instruction and books I had given her, she told me that she was in great distress about Mr. Mason, who was very sick, and

she feared he would be neglected at the tavern after she left. I promised that I would try to find some one to nurse him, and that he should have the best care possible. After she left, I found it impossible to divest my mind of the impression this young man had made upon me, and I felt drawn to go to him at once, and help him, in some way, myself. I know that these feelings, too often called illusions, are more frequently intuitions from some higher source ; so I determined to obey the impulse, go at once, and judge for myself of his true condition and needs. I found him raving in brain fever, and alarmingly ill. As everything about him was utterly comfortless, I had a litter prepared, and without a second thought had him removed to my own house. I soon gathered from his delirious ravings some clue to his antecedents, and the cause of his present illness, and more than that, I also discovered that he was a wandering sheep from the true fold. On the ninth day there was a faint change for the better, and in a short lucid interval he tried to speak his thanks for my care. From that time his recovery seemed assured, and his convalescence was rapid. I made many efforts to win his confidence, to bring him back to the fold ; but he was always reticent and reserved, and seemed fretted when I pressed the subject of religion, finally telling me one day, very emphatically, that he had neither faith or hope left in God or man ; that one blow from a human hand had blighted his life, and that he lived only because it would be cowardly to die by his own hand. He became so excited in telling me this, that I feared a relapse, and determined never again to speak to him on the subject, but be content with prayer alone. He had been with me about a month, when he expressed a wish one day to be able to divert the weary hours of convalescence by painting. I gave him a room that was rarely used,

where the light exactly suited him, and there he spent the greater part of his time, always locking the door when he went in or out, as if fearful of some one watching him. At the end of about three weeks, he announced to me one morning at the breakfast-table, that he was going away, and to my inquiry as to his destination, replied that he should rejoin the circus company. I was inclined to remonstrate, but saw it would be deemed an impertinence. He had proved himself, spite of his dark moods, a most charming and rarely gifted companion. As he bade me good by, he lost for a few moments his usual cold manner, and was quite demonstrative ; but quickly recovering himself, he placed in my hand the key of his atelier, and with a warm pressure of my hand, without another word, sprang into the stage that was waiting at the door. Feeling curious to know the secret of his constant work, I went at once to his room. Upon opening the door my eyes fell upon that lovely creation you have just seen. Under it was lying a card upon which was written, 'In gratitude to Father Halloran, for preserving a worthless life.' I never knew, then, how long I stood riveted by that vision of inspired beauty, and I have never since known the time, that I have wearied gazing upon that supernal semblance of the Mother of God. Now I have told you all the story, my child, and see that I have succeeded in enlisting your sympathies in behalf of my Raphael ; so you must unite with me in prayer that so noble a soul may yet be saved."

"I will, indeed, father," replied Adele, her voice tremulous with emotion, and rising, she pressed his hand in silence, and took her leave.

#### CHAPTER TWELFTH.

"OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH."

FROM the first description that Father Halloran had given of Mr.



Mason, Adele's heart had throbbed with mingled sensations of joy and terror. As the story proceeded, she became convinced of the identity of this strange man with Angelo Leland. She thanked God to know that he still lived, and prayed that he might yet be found and restored to all that he had lost, through her error. She spent the night in devising ways and means to follow up this providential clue, and feeling the need of assistance and advice, resolved to make the good father the confidant of this sad episode in her life, and be directed by his counsel. Accordingly, after mass the next morning, she invited herself to share his breakfast, to which he heartily assented; after which she told him her story and her plans, and solicited his advice. He listened in surprise and sympathy to these revelations, and after a few moments of tacit reflection, said, "I approve and admire, my dear child, your resolution, but I fear it will be attended by more difficulties than such a delicate woman can cope with. Beside, you must remember that years work changes for all of us, but more for those who like this young man have been thrown in the very vortex of life. Still, I believe that God will bless the sacrifice you have so bravely made, and I will do all I can to help you. I will give you, at the first step in your pilgrimage, a letter to Mrs. Jones, as in the event of Mr. Mason having left the company, she may be able to give some information of his residence."

As the objects of her visit had all been fulfilled, her mother's grave crowned with a beautiful memorial stone, and ornamented with flowers, she left in Father Halloran's hands a provision to have this sacred spot kept in order. She had visited all the old friends of her grandmother, and gladdened the hearts of many poor old women who remembered the beautiful little French girl. She learned through the papers, that the circus of Smith & Co. was then en

route over the Alleghany Mountains, stopping for a few days in the wayside towns. A severe spell of illness overtaking her old nurse, she was detained in Baltimore, and missing by this fatality their stoppages in the Eastern towns, she returned to her old home, to find they had also passed that point, and were then supposed to be in Indiana. Traveling forty years ago was fearfully tedious and wearisome. There were neither railroads or fast boats to facilitate progress through the Western States. Either the snail-like creeping of canal-boats, or the jostling and bumping over execrable roads in a stage, were the only choice of a traveller. Adele had tracked the route of the circus time and again, but only to arrive to find them gone. Finally, in a small interior town of Indiana, her patience was at length rewarded. Sending Louise on a tour of recognizance, and thus ascertaining that Mr. Mason was not with the band, Adele called at once upon Mrs. Jones to deliver Father Halloran's letter. After understanding the object of her visit, she said: "I am sorry, madam, that I can't give you any information about the gentleman. After rejoining the company, he remained a very short time, for you see he was so grand like that the other men did not like him; but he was always kind to me, and just before he left, he brought me such a lovely picture of the little girl I lost."

"I want you to tell me, Mrs. Jones, without reserve, your own impression of Mr. Mason's state of mind and habits after his return to the company," said Adele. "Indeed, ma'am, there's not much that's encouraging to tell to a relation; for he appeared to grow darker like, and more desperate. He played, too, more at cards, and swore awful hard; but he never drank like the rest of 'em, 'tho' the men used often to try to drive him into their bouts. When he told me 'good by,' and I asked

him if I should never see him again; he stopped awhile as if thinking, and said, 'Perhaps, if you ever go to the South, you may find me; for it is a good place for a man who seeks a grave.' " Adele returned with a heavy heart to the hotel. Where to turn next she knew not, yet she could never give up the search. The very fears excited by the recent account of his downward course, only increased her desire to accomplish her sacred mission. As she sat the next day, pondering her future course, Mrs. Jones was announced.

"I hope you will excuse the liberty, ma'am; but when I went to put away the picture after you left, I found this book that Mr. Mason left in his room, and I took care of it, because it belonged to him; but I thought it might be of more value to you, and so I brought it," and she placed in her hands a copy of Chateaubriand's *Attala*.

Adele remained in deep thought, turning the leaves over mechanically, when a letter fell out at her feet. After examining the broken seal, and weighing all the circumstances to which this might prove a clue, she felt justified in reading its contents. It proved to be the terse epistle of his banker, in New York, from whom he drew his grandmother's legacy. The date corresponded with the time he left the circus, and was evidently the last remittance received. She wrote at once to Carlisle & Co., soliciting the present address of Angelo Leland. It was weary waiting for the reply, as the mails were both tardy and irregular; but she had learned how to possess her soul in patience, and thus broke the monotony of the long days. When it came at last, a few lines stated that their last orders were to remit to New Orleans. She shuddered as she thought of the danger incurred; for yellow fever and cholera were both then epidemic there, *De Profundis* echoed in every chamber, and the grand Memnon tones of the *Dies Ira*

*dies illa* filled the vaulted walls of every church.

"The knell, the shroud, the maddock, and the grave;  
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm."

It was a fearful thought to follow him into that charnel-house; but the greater the danger to him, the more imperative was sacrifice for her. True it was now October, but she knew that only the white sceptre of the winter king could stay the march of the yellow pestilence. She submitted her difficulty to Louise.

"Laws, honey, missus, you needn't be afeerd wid me to nus you," oracularly said the old woman. "It's only dem 'Merican doctors what kills the people off so fast wid dere cal'mel and dreening o' all de blood out of dere bodies. De French knows better dan dat, and can cure it in three days wid just noting but good nu'sing, warm blankets, and plenty tisan. So, it's my opinion, missus, dat if you's set your heart on gwyng, and is gwyng to fret about it, dat it'll do you the most harm nor running right smack in de face ob old yaller Jack, who ain't half so bad if de folks only knowed how to fix him."

This oracular advice, given with all the confidence of a Galen, decided Adele to place her project and her life in God's hands, and to sanctify both by offering her services in aid of the suffering and needy.

The saddened, matured woman, with the heavy cloud of one sin forever haunting her again breathes the hallowed air of her native land, seeking in remorseful sorrow, under the glare of a pestilential sun, the soul that her falsehood had wrecked. Will she find him? Will the atonement be made too late, and all in vain?

It was difficult to realize that balmy, bright, October morning, that here the death-king held his revelry and poured out "his cold black wine;" that under the sapphire glow of that shifting sky,

"Beauty and anguish were walking hand in hand  
The downward slope of death."



Everything in nature seemed only to mock the agony that reigned in human hearts.

Stipulating for perfect privacy, Adele left the other arrangements for accommodations entirely to Louise, and was well content with her selection of "furnished apartments" in the French quarter of the city. Owing to the epidemic the house was empty, with the exception of two rooms above her own, which were occupied, she was told, by a gentleman who was just "out of the yellow fever."

"But," said the mulatto woman, who had charge of the room, "he is so imprudent, mam, and stays out so late of nights that I spec to see him down ebery day with a lapse."

After two weeks spent in futile efforts, she thought of writing an advertisement that might prove successful, but then she remembered that this might bring him personally to her, and she shrank from the impression that such an invitation might convey to one unacquainted with the sacred motive that impelled her search. She was roused from these perplexing thoughts by the restless tramping overhead, which was accompanied by low moans. Feeling a premonition of trouble, Adele went to Louise's room and told her to see if she could be of any service to the gentleman, for she felt sure that he was very ill.

"Laws, missus, I wouldn't dar go nigh him; for Lize says he's awful grand, and never speaks to nobody if he can help hisself," said the old woman.

So, as the moaning gradually ceased, Adele tried to feel comforted, and commending the necessities of the stranger to God, soon fell asleep. She had forgotten the circumstance in the morning, when, as she was taking her breakfast, Lize came in, and seemingly much distressed, said:

"The gemmen upstairs has got the lapse, mam, sure enough. When my ole man went in early dis morn-

ing to git his boots he found him lying like de dead 'cross de fut of de bed wid all his cloves on."

Adele now severely reproached herself for not having acted upon her premonitions of the night. When she asked who would take care of him, Lize replied:

"Indeed, mam, that's jist what troubles me, for de gemmen said if he took sick again he couldn't have a nuss agin at five dollars a day, and it's impossible to git one for less, 'cause de's so many sick folks; and I can't nuss him myself, on 'count of my sick boy and de cooking and de washing, though de Lord knows I'd be glad to help de poor gemmen if I could."

Adele paused a few moments in thought. "Well," she said, "he shan't die for want of care; I have nothing to do, so, with Louise's help, I'll nurse him myself."

"But that'll never do," exclaimed both women in a breath, "you'd git the fever certain, mam, for a lapse is always worse nor de beginning, and he's most sure to die."

"All the more reason for him, then, to be cared for. I am in God's hands, and have no fears."

Louise knew when Adele was the calmest that she was immovable, so she said no more, but prepared to do her bidding.

"In half an hour I will be ready to go, and hope he will be willing to accept my services."

"He'll neber know, mam, who's near him, for he's clean out of his head."

Telling Louise to remain in the hall, lest seeing two strangers might excite the patient, Adele entered the sitting-room, the door of which stood open. Her eyes were at once riveted upon an easel covered with a linen cloth, by which were lying palette and brushes that had been but recently used. A strange impulse too rapid for analysis, a feeling beyond control, drew her at once to the covered picture. It represented

a subterranean dungeon, with a man in the prime of life chained to the wall. His face wore an expression of keen physical torture, though blended with one of firm endurance. Descending a massive stone stairway with light in hand was a woman clothed in sumptuous apparel. Conjecturing the subject, and studying its great artistic merit, Adele concluded it to represent either Elizabeth of Russia visiting one of her recreant lovers, or Catharine de Medici striving to win back some important subject who was thus paying the penalty of thwarting some favorite political scheme. But fixing her eyes upon the countenance of the lady, Adele suddenly clasps her hands over her own face, and with a cry, "Oh, my God!" falls into the chair at her side; for again, as in the Madonna, she sees her own likeness.

The search was ended, the prayer of years fulfilled. Recommending her work to heaven she entered the chamber. Yes, there lay Angelo Leland, once more before her, tossing now in the delirium of a raging fever. But oh, how sadly changed; aged by ten years, and wearing a look of a world of woe in the deep-set eyes that met her with a wild questioning gaze, so steady, so fierce, that she almost believed he recognized her at once. After attending to the doctor's directions, who pronounced the case hopeless, Adele left the room and revealed her discovery to Louise.

"It will never do," she said, "for him to recognize me; in a lucid interval the effect might be fatal. I shall disguise myself as a Sister of Charity, and you can explain to the doctor and Lize that he imagined me to be some one whose resemblance agitated him very much, and I'll manage the rest."

One of her black dresses was soon improvised, and a yard of black cambric shaped into the dear Mother Seton's cap, at that time the garb of

the order; with this dress, and a pair of blue glasses, Sister Delphine took her place at the bedside of the invalid.

It was a vigil of fearful anxiety, of ceaseless prayer, and nervous tension for four long days and nights. The morning of the fifth day dawned, and with it hope, and almost faith itself, fled from her soul. The change was marked and fearful, and the iron hammer of doom seemed about to descend upon the victim. Could it be that all her remorse, her constant tearful prayers, were just at the moment of promised fruition to prove unavailing; that the sins of this one, the loss at last of his precious soul, was to darken her life. For her had risen the sign of destruction instead of the fount of mercy, and there was no angel near to stir the waters for this cold perishing soul.

The long day of torturing, hope, and despair waned into evening, and Adele remained kneeling, motionless, and alone, in silent supplication awaiting the last signs of dissolution. There had been a wild tossing of the arms, a murmur of inaudible words, among which she caught the name of the little dead child mingled with her own.

A golden streak left by the setting sun glinted through a crack in the shutter, and shone full upon the pallid face of the dying. He opened his eyes, fixed them wildly on her face, then there was one convulsive struggle, and all was still.

"One word, only one, Angelo, before you go, for God's sake, to say I am forgiven!" and the despairing woman in her anguish threw off her glasses, tore off her cap, and her hair, which had been only held by the crown, fell in long wavy masses around her. Louise, hearing the cry, rushed in just to catch her as she fell to the floor.

"I must watch alone to-night," Adele said as soon as she recovered from her swoon, and at Louise's earnest entreaty had taken some nour-



ishment. And thus, feeling abandoned of God, bereft of all aim and hope in life, she commenced her solitary watch.

"Why art thou sorrowful, oh my soul? Hope in God," ran this solemn refrain as she knelt, her eyes fascinated upon the face, now even more beautiful in death. A long lock of hair had fallen over his face, and as the tremblingly raised it back her hand touched his forehead. She started; for it was damp with moisture. Her very breath was suspended by the intensity of her feelings. She knew that it could not be, at that late hour, the sweat of death. She remembered marvellous cases of suspended animation. What if this should be one, and after all her prayers were heard, and the "hope in God," whose low chant had followed her all night, was now to be realized. Breathless she bends over him, quivering in every nerve. Is it the light that flecks thus over the eyelids? No; he opens them, and looks straight into her own.

"Louise, quick, quick, he is not dead, he lives!" she cries, and then everything about her became chaos. But the necessity for presence of mind, gratitude for the tenderness that had given back her Lazarus, restores her, and she was ready for action.

An hour of heroic treatment, a desperate fight between life and death, and the stone rolls away from the sepulchre, and he comes back to hope and divine mercy once more.

## CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

### RECOMPENSE.

"You have been very kind to me, Sister Delphine. I must have given you a great deal of trouble," said Angelo Leland, speaking for the first time, the third day after his resuscitation, to Adele, after watching her closely as she sat reading on the other side of the room in a shaded light.

She was startled, but replied calmly, "It is always a pleasure to me to wait on the sick."

"I am told that but for you I should have been buried alive. What can I ever do to repay you for so great a mercy?"

"Forgive your enemies, and acknowledge your gratitude to God, to whom it is all due. I was only his instrument."

"Forgive my enemies! Then I suppose I talked wildly in my delirium; fever patients generally do. Would you believe, sister, that I can remember some of those hallucinations? One of them was connected with you, and haunts me even yet with a strange persistency."

Adele's heart stood still; but she replied calmly, "It is a very common thing for persons to remember what they said and did in delirium. I have had such an experience myself. But tell me your illusion."

"I thought I saw you throw off your cap and glasses, and your hair fell about your form, and then you seemed transformed into the person of whom you sometimes remind me."

She felt his eyes fixed upon her profile, but she controlled herself wonderfully, and replied calmly, "You must not excite yourself, Mr. Leland, by recalling those terrible delusions. You have talked enough, and must now rest awhile. I will be in the next room."

He lay in silent thought for some hours, too weak for consecutive thought, but feeling calmer and lighter hearted than he had felt for long years. He thought it strange that mere physical suffering should work such a change now, when it had only served to intensify his bitterness on former occasions.

Hearing that he was becoming restless, Adele returned to the room. Heretofore so reticent and taciturn, he now seemed possessed to talk incessantly.

"Have you had the fever, sister?"

She replied in the negative. "And you risked your life for such a worthless object!"

"An immortal soul is always precious in God's eyes; I have only performed my vows."

"I know that your order is sent to various posts; were you ever in C——?"

Adele was startled, but replied, "Yes."

After a pause, he continued: "I wonder if you knew?—but no, it is not likely; they were too bigoted to approach a Catholic religieuse."

"Tell me who it is. A Sister of Charity comes in contact with all classes of people, and I might know something of your friends."

"That is true; but I doubt if you ever met Mrs. Lyman."

Adele replied, evasively, "I know that she is very bigoted, but her niece, Mrs. Rowland, is a Catholic, and I know her."

"Mrs. Rowland a Catholic! Why what did she want of religion," he continued, cynically, "when she had all worldly means of happiness?"

"She entered the Church after a severe illness, shortly after her marriage. The general opinion decided that she was far from being happy."

"Why so? surely she obtained all that she bargained for."

"In one sense, yes; and learned that the penalty of violating God's sacred ordinances brings bitter fruit."

"You must have known her intimately, sister, to speak so forcibly."

"Yes, better probably than any one else. I suppose you know that she is now a widow?"

"I know nothing about her," he exclaimed with vehemence; then continuing more calmly, "she must rejoice in having gained her prize so quickly."

"You are mistaken; she is a sorrowful woman, and without fortune."

"What! did that animal cheat her at last?"

"No. Her husband left her a splendid fortune, and she could have been the richest woman in the State, but she relinquished all save a maintenance, in favor of persons whose claim she thought stronger than her own."

He drew a long breath, and closed his eyes, as if under the influence of some new feeling. She left him to his musings, then again spoke. "It is evident to me, Mr. Leland, that this lady interests you."

"You are mistaken," he rudely exclaimed; "I hate her; hate her, now and forever!" and he fell back on his pillow, trembling with exhaustion. Adele sprang forward, and laying her hand soothingly upon his forehead, whispered, "You must recall those bitter words. I know all her past; know that she has suffered fearfully in expiation of her one sin. Her constant prayer has been to know of your safety, your happiness, and to win your forgiveness."

"Happy?" and he uttered a laugh that fairly curdled her blood. 'She had now gone as far as was safe, and after smoothing his pillow, she took up the grand mediæval poem, *The Celestial Country*, and soothed him into quietude by reading parts of those exquisite lines.

Softened by misfortune and suffering, awed by the miracle of the great horror he had escaped, touched by the disinterested devotion of one of that sex whom he had scorned and villified, he yielded at length to those better influences that soothe even while they console. Adele saw the gradual change, and blessed God for the boon. Her mission was now accomplished, her *incognito* had been preserved, but she dreaded the strong sunlight, and the necessity of speaking in her full, natural tone, fearing that at any moment her secret might thus be betrayed. When she announced her departure, he seemed greatly distressed. "Shall I never see you again, Sister Delphine?"

"I cannot say. Our paths are



wide apart. Yours, if you follow your genius and heaven's guidance, will lead to fame and honor; while mine—" and her voice trembled, "will lead wheresoever God wills. *But we'll meet at one gate when all's done.*"

"I can never, never repay you, sister."

"Yes, you can."

"Only tell me how, and I will fulfil any condition."

"Promise me, then, that your first act, when able to leave the house, will be one of thanksgiving at the foot of the altar."

"I promise freely."

"Next, give me now the assurance that you freely forgive all the injury and unhappiness caused you by Adele Rowland."

"You are a true friend and a good pleader, sister, but I cannot refuse you the assurance of what I truly feel. She is freely forgiven, and more; for I now believe that I have judged her too harshly, and laid to her charge sins and miseries that sprung alone from my own weakness and depravity. I know not what power it is that you possess, but I have spoken to you of matters that I thought would go with me unuttered to the grave. *Suffri e taci* has been my motto; why I have broken it I cannot tell."

She took advantage of his momentary abstraction to slip out of the room. This long-sought assurance deprived her of the last iota of equanimity. The long sembled calm, the forced heroism, was ended, and Sister Delphine was merged once more into the loving, dependent woman.

A few days later Angelo Leland left the cathedral, still weak in body, but refreshed and purified in soul; but through all the new revelations of the inner life, the one desire to see again Sister Delphine pursued him. Calling a cab, he drove to the orphan asylum. He was politely received by the superior, but upon

inquiring for Sister Delphine, was told that there was no one of that name in the community. Still he would not be satisfied, but drove to the hospital, in hopes of finding her there, only, however, to receive the same reply. What did it mean? Who was it that had bestowed such devotion upon an entire stranger? What was his life to this woman? For days he sought and pondered; then, like a flash, he remembered that Lize must certainly know something of the person that had been in her rooms for weeks. At first she gave him only evasive answers, but finally told him the little she knew. The name and description of Adele and her attendant were sufficient clue; the mystery was solved. He sat a long while in deep thought, then for the first time since his illness, he removed the covering from his picture, and gazed intently, with a countenance gradually brightening as if the sunlight of some blessed hope had flashed upon him, "Prophetic! prophetic!" he exclaimed, "she did come. She has unbarred the prison doors, and broken the captive's chains. From whence come these intuitions? What prompted my hand to portray a truth which at the moment appeared only like the mockery of a malign spirit."

Days were passed in searching; letters written; but all in vain. Christmas morning dawned, and Angelo Leland arose for the four o'clock Mass. "What," he thought, "if I should find my gift at the altar!" And he did. Returning from the communion railing, all unconscious of the eyes that were upon her, was the object of his dreams. Heaven and earth had come together in his heart. At the fount he dipped his hand, touching hers, with the one word "sister," drew her eyes to his face.

"May I see you home? it is scarcely light yet."

"I am not afraid; Louise is with me;" and turning, Angelo gave the

old woman a pleasant bow of recognition.

"I am not going to be denied, Adele; I must and will speak to you, if only once more."

She saw his nervous agitation, so allowed him to walk as far as her home; but it was too early to receive him with propriety, so she consented to see him at noon.

"How well you acted your new rôle," he said, after the first greeting, "and what a dolt I was not to know you."

"Circumstances favored me, and the dress disguised me more than I thought possible. But my object has been accomplished, so say no more about it."

"The whole of your object, Adele? then you have no interest in my subsequent fate."

"If you once struck the right path again, I felt sure that our Lord would protect and direct you."

"Is the door of the past sealed, beyond the power of love and repentance to open it, Adele?"

"I have not been a widow yet one year, Mr. Leland, and cannot listen to such sentiments."

"You have been a widow in heart for nearly five," he replied bitterly.

"True; but I was faithful to my assumed duties then, and I will fulfil them now, by preserving my own self-respect, and what is due to his memory."

"Then you give me no hope, no recompense for all my bitter past. Are you just and merciful in this, Adele?"

"I know not what may be in the future, or how far circumstances may cancel those memories. My sin was great; if further atonement is required, and the way made clear, I shall certainly follow it. Be content with this assurance, Mr. Leland, and let this subject rest."

He looked on this placid, self-possessed woman, for some trace of the once ardent, impulsive girl in vain. Still he saw the struggle be-

tween affection and duty, and felt encouraged to wait the result of time and patience.

"May I ask your plans for the future?" she said, after an embarrassed pause.

"Certainly. Since my horoscope has turned its disk, I find once more an aim in life. So I shall accept the offer made me four years ago in Rome, by my granduncle Cardinal M., as it combines not only progress in my art, but a competency."

Adele sighed. She had relinquished then such a home, the shrine of the Apostles, the home of the Muses, "the lone mother of dead emperors," for what? It was another thorn in her crown. But recovering herself, she continued:

"Then the sea will roll between us; and I will be the first to say 'good-by.' I leave in a few days for home, my aunt's failing health requiring my services."

He was deeply moved; then taking her hand he said, "Hard as your conditions are, I must yet admit that the present has obliterated the past; and my future, if you ever care to trace it, Adele, shall prove that the prayers and vigils of Sister Delphine have not been in vain."

Walking to the door, then returning, and again taking her hand, "Who knows," he said tremulously, "but for one or both, *amie*, the silver bells may yet ring out a peal of joy." And raising her hand tremblingly to his lips, he was gone.

#### CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

##### FRUITION.

MRS. LELAND's health required change of air and scene, so a trip to Europe was resolved upon. The summer was passed with beneficial results and infinite delight in England and Germany. Continuing their route southward, September found them in Spain, a land of glorious traditions and marvellous beauty, and yet so much neglected by



tourists. After a few days of rest in the city of Seville, whose marvellous beauties confirm the old Spanish proverb, "He who hath not seen Seville hath not seen a marvel," they started upon a tour of inspection of those glorious creations of arabesques, filagrees, and lace designs that make the ancient moresque architecture, so far superior in beauty to any other school. They had reached the vestibule of the magnificent Cathedral, when Adele was startled by a voice, speaking to Mr. Lyman, that sent the blood like ice through her frame. "Here is an old friend," next spoke her uncle, and turning, her eyes met those of Angelo Leland. They were standing under the exquisite Immaculate Conception of Murillo, wrapped for some moments in the silent awe of its inspiring loveliness, bearing in her holy and ethereal beauty the sweetest traits of all that is lovely and inspiring upon earth.

"It is indeed a miracle of art," replied Adele to Angelo's analysis of the work; "but do you know that it does not impress me as much as did a Madonna of Mercy, that I saw nearly two years ago, in a little village church in Maine." Angelo started. "So it was from that," he replied, "that you found the clue to the painter's dreams, and were directed to the mission of Sister Delphine. I shall begin to think that you have studied witchcraft in that old New England home, if you make any more such developments." They walked up to the chapel at the eastern portal, and took a seat that faced a guardian angel, from which it takes its name, and which ranks as one of Murillo's most imperishable works.

"You were greatly astonished to see me, Adele?"

"As much so as if one of these saints should walk out of his frame. Is it by accident or inspiration that you are here?"

"Perhaps a little of both. My

heart hungered in exile for a home voice. Your uncle was merciful, and gave me the programme of your route."

"You always were the most impatient of mortals."

"True; and confirm it now by asking you if my probation has been long enough, and my reformation such as will blot out the past, and place us again where we stood, that November morning, in Dearburn woods, when you listened so incredulously to the toll of the king's bell."

"You shame me by your magnanimity, Angelo;" she replied, in a trembling voice. It was the first time since that day she had called him by that name. "There would be no crumpled tarnished leaves to be torn from our book of memories were it not for my error."

"But the wrongs inflicted by Adele were repaired by Sister Delphine. Even your scrupulous sense of duty might now yield to time and fidelity." She turned her face; her eyes, humid with tears, full upon him, and placed her hand in his.

Firmly clasping it, he said, "Let this sacred spot, and the guardian angel whose presence halos this moment be my sponsor for the sacred fulfilment of this trust." And raising her hand, he pressed it warmly to his lips.

November found them charmingly located in one of the old palaces of Rome. Angelo was anxious for an early marriage, but Adele would not consent until her second year of widowhood had expired.

"I never was in such a place as this," said Mrs. Lyman, as she sat at her window, watching the reflection of the gorgeous early morning clouds upon the seven hills. "There is such a sense of perfect repose, such entire peace pervading the very atmosphere, that it makes one almost feel as if the turmoil of life was at an end. If I don't soon get up some of my old restlessness and bustle, I

shall begin to think that there is, after all, some special power in this, the 'eternal city' of St. Peter. One really feels here that there is a life to ennoble, a soul to elevate, and a sense of companionship beyond the sordid materialities of profit and loss."

The month of May dawned, clothed in the full glory of Flora's kingdom, and Mary's altars breathed the fragrance of her loving children's tributes. Before one of these, shrined in the walls of St. John of Lateran at an early mass, knelt Angelo Leland and Adele, where, after receiving the holy communion on their lives, were united forever. Mrs. Lyman had plead for a more ostentatious wedding, for they were "distinguished Americans," and she was fond of *eclat*; but Adele desired that there should be no resemblance to her previous bond; no worldly signet to dim the pure feelings that should be safely garnered in the heart of her husband. Noise or display would have been a discord in the perfect harmony that filled her soul.

In a secluded grotto in the Borgese gardens, a week after their marriage, where they had settled many things of interest for the future, Angelo said, "I have now, darling, a request to make that I fear you will think unreasonable, for it involves a heavy sacrifice."

"Try me, my lord," she replied, playfully, "before you pass judgment."

"Suppose, then, that we possessed now the limited means that we counted six years ago; would you be willing to take the same risk?"

"Perfectly."

"Then will you give further proof of your confidence in me, by adding one more jewel to your crown of victory, and relinquish the small portion of Mr. Rowland's fortune that you still retain?" He paused, looking eagerly into her face as if in dread of disappointment. She was startled for a moment, and raised her head from his shoulder to read

in his eyes the true meaning of his words. She saw that he was very serious and very earnest.

"If," she said, "by this request, you think to test my old dread of poverty, you are mistaken. I certainly have not arrived at that stage of perfection which would lead me to embrace that vow; but if God should send it, I believe that I shall know how to meet it, and," she continued, rising and throwing her arms around his neck, "I would now gladly sacrifice even a prince's ransom for the priceless love of my husband's heart."

"Bless you, my love, for your unlimited trust. I freely accept it, for I cannot bear to think of that man's hateful gold, mingling in any part of our lives. Nor do we need it; for my income is ample for our residence here, where neither the superfluity or ostentation of wealth are deemed essential for a man's value or position. I told you of my uncle's death; but I withheld for this time and purpose the secret, that he left me a sum of money that is considered in Italy a handsome fortune. So now my wife must yield her independence, and be content to look for all things henceforth from her husband."

"And gladly does she accept the condition, for love knows no burden. Ah, Angelo, like the dying king, I realize now, that to be truly loved is the most precious of all earthly gifts; surely, my joy-bells are ringing now, if never again."

The same week a joint letter was written to Father Halloran, giving him a history of the happy results of his prayers; and with it, Adele sent a companion piece to his cherished Madonna.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman parted with great regret from both, but comforted by the assurance of Adele's perfect happiness, and the promise of a visit to her old home in a few years. Old Louise lived to nurse the representative of the third generation,



and died, full of years and blessing God "for de faith dat brings de angels down from heaven, to help a poor ole woman how to die."

As Angelo led his wife away from the last ministrations to her faithful servant, he recalled vividly that fatal hour of his own illness, and the vision that haunted him, even after the gates of death seemed passed. He spoke his thoughts to Adele; then, as if light had suddenly dawned, he exclaimed, "It was not a dream of delirium; it was an actual occurrence. Sister Delphine did wring her hands in agony, did tear off her

disguise, and cry out in the anguish of a wrung heart; a cry that closed the yawning portal of the grave."

"Well, sir, suppose it was a reality, and not the dream of a frenzied brain, would it lower your opinion of her?"

"My own dear wife," he cried, throwing his arms about her, "how can I ever repay the silent torture of that night, when your unswerving love saved me from the horror of a living tomb."

"Be ever what you now are, the joy, the complete compensation of my life."

(CONCLUSION.)

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## TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

### IN GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

O SAINT! beloved 'mid all the heavenly quire,  
 Light to my inmost life, my thought's desire,  
 Upon whose breast, from all base passion free,  
 Shone the pure beam of truth and liberty!  
 For highest freedom dwells with truth alone,  
 Which in thy bosom set her radiant throne;  
 Nor for self, only but for others too,  
 Thy keen eye pierced each subtlest error through;  
 Thy bright faith, pointing reason's trenchant sword,  
 Exposed the latent falsehood with a word,  
 And brought the full truth into fairest light,  
 Till faith beneath that vision seemed like sight.  
 Boyhood, and youth, and manhood, all in thee  
 Were steeped in glorious hues of charity:  
 Thy path pursued the course of truth's own sun,  
 At midday brightest as thy work was done.  
 Favored beyond Augustine, for no hour  
 Of weakness yielded thee to sin's dark power,  
 With range as vast of intellectual sight,  
 But ne'er o'erclouded by a moral night!  
 Most blessed among Doctors, on whose lips  
 The truth—thy portion—suffered no eclipse.  
 As thy life's course no saddening failure knew,  
 From first to last to God thy Saviour true.

Rewarded wast thou with light's purest ray,  
 Gilding a realm of unexampled sway,  
 Divine and human wisdom intertwined,  
 Ne'er sphered before, as then, in one great mind.  
 Man's lowest and his highest—all between  
 Man fallen and the God-man—by thee was seen;

Thee the Good Shepherd dowered with richest grace  
 His death, his banquet, and his love to trace ;  
 His work in nature, and in lines of gold  
 The people he created to unfold :  
 And God's own majesty ne'er stood expressed  
 With human words like thine made manifest.  
 For Mary's love obtained from Mary's Son,  
 Greatest and humblest thou shouldst be in one,  
 And thy life seem the echo of her word  
 Who said, "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord!"  
 Thus thine the lily of rare Innocence,  
 And thine the crown of mightiest Sapience ;  
 And since that youthful victory, when the flower  
 Of grace was kept in Rocca Secca's tower—  
 The Queen of Angels girt thee with her zone,  
 For evermore her favorite son to own,  
 That on thy mind no stain of ill might fall,  
 Nor matchless wisdom be to pride a thrall.

Such as thy life, thy life's work was to be,  
 Forever crowned with light and purity,  
 Not lessening in the distance, not concealed  
 By envy, but with time yet more revealed,  
 Like a deep mine of unexhaustive thought,  
 Whence many a seeker gems of knowledge brought.  
 And still from age to age as errors rise  
 To veil with transient clouds the darkened skies,  
 Science in thee her spotless mirror finds,  
 Rendering pure truth to unpolluted minds.  
 For from the Cross thy light came : from that throne  
 God, the Creator and Redeemer, shone  
 With fullest beauty on thy virgin heart,  
 Which chose in him its first, last, only part.  
 Before the Cross thy prayers, thy tears were shed,  
 And from the Cross he called to thee, and said :  
 "Well has thou written of Me ; what shall be,  
 Thomas, for this My guerdon unto thee?"  
 "Lord, nothing but Thyself." Oh, saintly word,  
 Which by the King of Saints was straightway heard !  
 He called thee to complete in Paradise  
 The work not all achieved with earth-bound eyes,  
 Gave thee to see the vision faith forestalls  
 In that bright presence where no shadow falls.  
 For when the brother, to whose longing eyes  
 Thy form first showed itself fresh from the skies,  
 Asked, what thou could'st reveal of thy new state,  
 What glorious tidings of its pomp relate,  
 Thy words were few, yet gave to understand  
 All the heart wishes, all the thoughts demand :  
 "What upon earth by hearing of the ear  
 We heard, in vision now we see most clear ;  
 The City of the Lord of Hosts is this,  
 The City of our God : our peace and bliss."



## THE ENEMIES OF THE PAPACY IN ITALY.

PERHAPS it would be hardly as correct to say, never were the enemies of the Papacy more numerous, as, never did the enemies of the Papacy display their hatred with more activity than at the present moment. We may divide them into three categories; the powerful by the sword, who are followed by legions of parasites; the more powerful by the pen, whose fiery tirades against the Papacy are read and listened to enthusiastically by a host of shallow-minded *quid nuncs*, who receive it as a dogma, that a well-rounded period *must* be the expression of truth. To these add a multitude of miserable pusillanimites, who are neither for Cæsar nor for God, who are always hankering after peace, not that peace for which the brave and true struggle valiantly, but that freedom from trouble and annoyance which is purchased by a cowardly compromise. They are not avowed enemies of the Papacy, it is true. Nay, they would like to behold it restored to its former prestige and glory. But they stand aloof from the struggle in which the Papacy is now engaged with the world. They gather not, neither trials, nor afflictions, nor glory, nor joy, with the Papacy; therefore, they scatter. However, we shall speak of the enemies of the Church in general, and we shall premise two statements, the first of which requires no proof at the present date, for we have only to obey the injunction of the Holy Father, and "take a look about us." It is this: these false liberals of Italy who insinuated themselves into the favor of the people, by evincing a great consideration for the Catholic Church, and zeal for her wellbeing—to obtain which, by the way, it was necessary to disencumber her of the Temporal

Power, and remove that lumbering machine of the Religious Orders—really never had any other intention but that of occupying the Papal States, in order to facilitate their war against the Church herself. The truth of the second statement, to wit, that the ignorance of the liberals is second only to their innate spirit of untruth, will appear in the course of the following general observations on the accusations launched against the Papacy. Waiving, with justly merited contempt, the thousands of recriminations which are being uttered daily by people laying a claim to education and respectability, we may reduce the general accusations against the Popes to the number of five. Yes, five serious charges against the Papacy, any one of which, according to these conceitedly self-constituted accusers, would make a case of irreparable impeachment. The first charge would form an interesting fact for the meditations of a professor of Natural History; the genius and instinct of the Italian race are hostile to the Papacy. The Pope and the Italians are negative magnets. An approach is impossible. The second is a serious charge; the Roman Pontiffs were the principal cause of the many foreign invasions which in various epochs desolated Italy. Third. Many illustrious men, for whom the Italians universally profess great reverence, were the avowed enemies of the Papacy. Fourth. The learning, the unimpeachable honesty and integrity of those who fought most strenuously against the Pontifical authority, are sufficient to remove every scruple which might arise concerning the injustice and inopportuneness of present hostilities. Fifth. The Holy See is, and always has been, opposed to progress and human

civilization, and its system of temporal government abhorred the doctrines and habits of liberty. We shall consider these charges one by one. In answer to the first charge, we ask, by what possible or impossible force of argument can any one hold, that the spirit of the Italians is instinctively opposed to the Papacy, when it is evident from history, even as penned by the most disingenuous writers, that all the anti-Catholic and anti-Papal movements which have from time to time disturbed Italy, were infections, artfully inoculated into the land from France, Switzerland, and Germany? Antipathy to the Papacy not only is not racy of the Italian peninsula, but history proves, that in no country less than in Italy did the errors of heretics take root. The Italians have always been, in an overwhelming majority, Catholics, and those of them who attempted to disseminate the seeds of heresy or schism were men who had cut loose, not only from the Catholic Church, but from every tie of natural morality, and whose learning and consequent authority would not stand the test of the most superficial critic. Perfect counterparts of them abound in the land to-day, in the blatant politicians, who, in the exuberance of liberalism consequent on big dinners, prate about promoting a schism, and about reinstating the ruined clergy and people in the enjoyment of their church rights. Arnaldo da Brescia no more represented the genius and instinct of the Italian race in his day, than the nomadic and croaking Gavazzi does in our own day. The first charge is historically false. The existence in Italy to-day of nearly twenty-seven millions of Catholics, is its best contradiction. The second accusation makes the Popes responsible for the foreign occupations. We will pass over the fact that the Dukes of Savoy sent frequent invitations to strangers beyond the Alps, that the House of Savoy was stealthily

leagued with Barbarossa, when he would make Italy an appendage to Germany. We will merely remark, that the King of Italy was consistent, and showed a delicacy of sentiment eminently creditable to him, in absenting himself from the recent celebration of the seventh centenary of the battle of Legnano. But in direct answer to the charge, we would simply remark, that if the Popes were obliged frequently to avail themselves of the arms of a stranger, it happened, not because they conspired against the liberty and autonomy of Italy, but to liberate the land from the oppression of the Barbarians, to put a stop to the incursions, the devastations, and depredations of the liberals of those days, those marauding Lombards. On the other hand, the Popes were bound by a solemn oath to protect and preserve by every just means the rights of the Holy See, and if, to effect this, they appealed to the assistance of a stranger, they did no more than the King of Italy would do to-day, if he found himself in similar circumstances. To substantiate the third accusation, the liberals adduce the names of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. These are the men, say the liberals, who declared open war against the Popes. With these names, in proof of the fourth charge, they couple those of men, "whose learning and integrity of purpose are sufficient to remove scruples which might arise concerning the injustice of the actual war against the Papacy." They are Cola di Rienzi, Stefano Porcari, Savonarola, that angel of integrity and Solomon of knowledge, Paul Sarpi, and many others. The learning and acumen of the modern liberals surpass all appreciation. They actually present Dante as the precursor of the independence and unity of Italy, as an enemy of the Temporal Power of the Popes, and as an opponent of the Church herself. We confess, and we have heard many educated Italians make the same confession, that



the study of Dante impressed us strongly with the belief, that Dante was a very fervent Catholic, and that, were he alive in our day, his fervid yet terrible imagination would have invented still more atrocious torments to punish the living traitors who have betrayed the Popes. If he spoke with such withering, destructive ire against the invaders of the palace of Pope Boniface VIII in Anagni, and doomed to the opprobrium and execration of future generations those who laid sacrilegious hands upon the Vicar of Jesus Christ, we may safely presume, that the Savoyards who battered opened the gates of the Eternal City on the 20th of September, 1870, would be promptly accommodated with well-heated lodgings in his great Inferno. Dante was not an enemy of the Temporal Power of the Popes. He only inveighed against certain abuses of his time. It is true that he manifested a special hatred of certain Popes. But even in these, he recognized the supremacy of the Head of the Church and Vicar of Christ. Throughout his works, he admits the primacy, venerates all the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and honors the Religious Orders. A splendid proof of this may be found in his glorious apotheosis of St. Francis of Assisi, and of St. Dominic. Finally, he declares himself the implacable enemy of heretics and schismatics, and gives them a special nook in the Inferno. \* Such was Dante, as he appears, in his works, and such has he been regarded for the last five centuries and a half, nor are the capricious assertions of the present generation of sufficient importance to cause people of even mediocre attainments to change their opinions concerning him. Another equally absurd and untenable assertion of the Italian liberals is, that Dante Alighieri was the precursor of Italian unity. But Dante's boldest Utopian conception did not embrace, unfortunately, that perfection of recent humbugs,

Italian unity, as it exists at present. He longed to see the establishment in the world of a universal monarchy. His idea of government was in this, that a universal Emperor should govern the whole world, by a species of lofty dominion, in the same manner, as the Pope regulates the world in the spiritual order. But Dante never pretended, nay, in his work, *De Monarchia*, he formally repudiated the idea, that the supreme ruler should overturn the thrones of the petty princes, and destroy the autonomy of the individual states. In his conception of a universal monarchy, everything was to remain in *statu quo*, nothing to be touched, no traditions to be done away with. The people of the smallest states were to be governed by their own laws, to preserve their own traditions, and have their own immediate rulers. The Emperor would only exercise a supreme moderating power, which would regulate the relations between the minor princes themselves on the one side, and the relations between princes and people on the other. But where, in what passage, in what verse of his sublime poem does Dante, even indirectly, foreshow or allude to the unity of Italy as conceived and realized to-day? Let the liberals impress one consideration strongly on their minds. If Dante were among them to-day, and if he still cherished his habit of thinking and plain talking for which he was proverbial, far from attempting to justify, and much less eulogize their performances, his freedom of speech, and the facility with which he would locate them in the nether regions already adverted to, would bring down upon himself the ire of an appendage to government, not dreamed of by him in his dream of universal monarchy, the Italian fisc. What would that supreme satyr say of the Italian courts of justice, where there is nothing sacred to swear by, neither in heaven, nor on earth, nor in hell? We are of the particular opinion,

that he would turn his immediate attention to the conjuring up of a new *Inferno*, specially adapted to present exigencies. As for Boccaccio and Petrarch, we are still more curious to behold proofs of their enmity to the Catholic Church. Gratuitous assertions again, which should meet with gratuitous negations. It is a fact worthy of remark, that wherever, in the history of Italy, you find a man of any capabilities, or of any standing at all, either because of his learning or influence, political or ecclesiastical, if he fall in any way; above all, if he bring upon himself the reprehension of the Holy See, or the ecclesiastical superiors—that man is seized upon by modern liberals and canonized forthwith. This canonization, by the way, consists in inscribing the saint's name among those of the worthies of Italy, and erecting a bust to him at the public expense. Now Boccaccio and Petrarch were both priests, who, in the course of their lives, were guilty of divers infractions of the law of God and ecclesiastical discipline. We do not pretend to intimate that they were exceptionally bad priests for their day. Unfortunately there were others like them. But both the one and the other censured, with all the vigorous eloquence at their command, the abuses of the courtiers at Avignon, and of certain prelates who insinuated themselves in the sacred order of the priesthood, to satisfy their ambition and their avarice. They came not into the fold by the door, but through the window. Both were contemporaneous with Pope John XXII, and witnessed the abuses which obtained in his court. A positive reason, therefore, can be assigned for the hardest word ever penned by either of them against the Popes. Against particular Popes, and the Court of Avignon, they both stormed furiously, but not against the Papacy, not against the Church, in whose bosom both died in peace. To restrict our observations to Petrarch in

particular, it is hardly necessary to demonstrate his devotion to the Catholic faith, and to the Papacy, after the glorious proofs he himself has left us in those tender verses of his, in which he appeals to the Popes at Avignon to return to Rome. He implores them in the most pathetic manner to return to the widow (Rome), to clothe her nakedness, lift up her drooping head, and take away her reproach. He wrote a powerful letter to Urban V, in which he conjured him by every argument, to return to Rome, and finally moved the Pope to leave Avignon. When the Roman people sent an embassy to Avignon in 1342, imploring Pope Clement VI to re-establish Rome in her ancient glory of the capital of the Christian world, Petrarch was one of them. The final accomplishment, however, of this great work was reserved for a modest virgin, Italy's greatest heroine, St. Catharine of Siena. Far from Petrarch's being an enemy of the Holy See, Cardinal Bellarmine thought him worthy of several laudatory letters; and Pope Gregory IX eulogized him as a "burning light of moral science."

We now come to an examination of those celebrities, who showed themselves bitter enemies of the Papacy, yet whose genius, learning, and integrity were incontestably great; hence there is no reason whatever why modern society should suffer any qualms of conscience if the Papacy is roughly handled to-day. Before entering upon a particular yet rapid consideration of the worthies apotheosized by the liberals, we would premise a general observation, which is alike applicable to them all, Porcari and Sarpi not excepted: Whatever they may have thought, said, written, or done against the Papacy, as impersonated by particular Popes, they admitted the principle of Papal supremacy as being necessary to the proper conception of a Church. They may have had erratic notions about the realiza-



tion in act of this principle, about its form of existence, and its influence upon Christian society. They may have ranted about abuses. But the hypothesis of an abuse presupposes use, use a power, and power a principle of action. But of the worthies of whom, first and foremost in the liberal canons, figures the last of the Roman Tribunes, Cola di Rienzi. How or why Rienzi is enumerated amongst the enemies of the Papacy, is more than we can comprehend, unless we admit the absurd conclusion that every man who struggles for civil liberty is by that very fact an enemy of the Papacy. Just as if tyranny were one of the essential elements of the Papacy, and liberty its destruction! Signor Liberale, you will permit us to repudiate your insinuation against the Papacy. We love liberty with as dear, as sincere, and as durable a love as you do. We love the Papacy too, and not the least among the many considerations which prompt us to love it is this, that liberty is one of the necessary prerogatives of the Papacy on the one hand; and on the other, no power upon earth has ever struggled as valiantly for liberty, be it religious, social, civil, or individual, as the Papacy. Read history, not as written by your Sarpis and your Guicciardinis; for their histories well merit the title given by De Maistre to some modern historical productions, *A Conspiracy against Truth*; but a primer of history, which contains no coloring, which breathes no particular spirit, a simple narration of facts, and these in their incontrovertible eloquence will tell you, that the Papacy is the friend of liberty—a liberal institution, if you will, founded upon the broadest and most universal principles of true freedom, by him who died to set us free first from the father of lies, consequently of slavery, and afterwards from his lying offspring, an integral detachment of which answers to-day to the name of Liberalism.

To return to Rienzi. In the beginning of his public career he occupied the position of trust under the Papacy known in those days as Papal Vicar. We do not pretend to infer from this that he was a fervent Catholic, or devoted to the Papacy; we only dispute the force of the assertion made by the liberals, that he was a man of genius, a very good, honest, upright man. That he was sincere in two things, making himself a tribune, and restoring to its pristine signification the S. P. Q. R.—Senatus Populus que Romanus—we do not dispute. But far from proving himself a man of genius and a passably upright man, he stood forth a wild visionary, while his integrity of purpose suffers no small blemish, when we reflect that he calculated upon popular tumults as the stepping-stones to his own glory; he fell a victim to them in the end. Much is said of Arnaldo da Brescia and Crescenzo Romano, simply because, in the Middle Ages, they raised the self-same banner under which the apostates of to-day march, the destruction of the Catholic Church. We simply pass over their names, awaiting their credentials of respectability. The accounts given us of them by their contemporaries are not very flattering to their learning and integrity. Stephano Porcari was a worthy liberal, that is to say, if he lived in any country where justice is the foundation-stone of law, he would be hung as an assassin; for such he indubitably was. We shall not attempt to refute the groundless statements concerning Savonarola. As a Catholic he lived, and such he died, regretting the imprudent zeal with which he inveighed, not against the Church which he always loved, but against the vices of the clergy, and the degeneracy of the times. But he, too, was a visionary, and fanaticism was no inconsiderable item in his character. As for Paul Sarpi, in whose genius and learning our adversaries find weapons against

the Papacy, it is sufficient to state that invectives and diatribes are not the exponents of either the one or the other, and that persons of the most ordinary historical attainments are obliged to make so frequent and so liberal a use of qualifying salt, in receiving his statements, that they become unpalatable as a whole. Sarpì's religion hardly merits the name. In appearance it was a strange mixture of rationalism and Christianity, but in substance it was rank atheism. His style of writing was vigorous. He wrote good Italian. But that fact is insufficient to establish the thesis of the liberals, that his learning and integrity were such, that the consideration of them would remove scruples on the justice of trying to overthrow the Papacy. In

reply to the last charge, namely, that the Papacy is and always has been the enemy of progress and civilization, and that its form of temporal government abhorred the doctrines and habits of liberty, we will be summary. Pay your own debts, cease to make of the unfortunate peninsula of Italy a grand amphitheatre of torments for the inhabitants by your unjust, exorbitant fiscal exactions; restore to the Papacy the universities of learning you have suppressed, give back to the religious orders the hundreds of thousands of volumes, teeming with science and literary lore, and with which you now fill a great library in Rome, giving it the name of a robber in ermine, and, when you have accomplished all this, "*give testimony of the evil.*"

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## SOUTHERN WATERING-PLACES.

NOTHING is more common in these days of universal travel than wintering in the South, and those who have once made that delightful experience will again and again follow the birds,

"Joyous birds of the wandering wing."

Art, poetry, and literature keep the beauties of the winter and spring familiar to dwellers in less favored climes. But who has told of our Saratogas and our Newports, our sweltering July and August, or our hazy fall?

Yet the summer glories of the Southland are passing fair. The moss-draped live oak, in which a company of soldiers could play hide and seek, gives perfect shade. The towering pines, whose tufted heads wave to and fro in the clouds, breathe out that delicate aromatic fragrance which makes the warm air balmy, and is health to those who inhale it. The gardens, bright with color and

radiant with dewdrops, are a paradise to the eye. The orange trees, no longer white with blossoms, nor yet golden with fruit, perfume every breeze that sighs through their almost impenetrable foliage. Heavy night dews and copious showers keep trees and grass in perpetual verdure, and the dust, omnipresent in the North, in a state of abject slavery. Cool, deep, cave-like houses, prettily trimmed with ample piazzas or galleries, and surrounded by shade trees, bid defiance to the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun. In the Gulf States the brisk sea breeze tempers the heat of the spacious streets. It is heard, morning, noon, and night, rustling or moaning through the giant oak, the stately pecan, the graceful sycamore. It helps one to live comfortably, and even coolly, in the latitude of the Sahara.

Between Southern watering-places



there is necessarily much similarity :

" Differing in shade from one another,  
But each, in color, like its brother."

The summer resorts of New Orleans lie chiefly between that city and Mobile. A railroad skirts the gulf, through bayous, brakes, piney woods, miles of trestle-work, swamps enough to grow rice for a continent, and *prairies tremblantes* (*Anglice bogs*). For exquisite lowland scenery, especially in summer, I doubt if this road is surpassed. Its manifold beauties rise up in my mind a picture of unfading loveliness. I love to stand once again by the tangled copse, glittering with rainbows and wild flowers, and gaze into the cool green ponds, blanched with enormous water-lilies. True, snakes may lurk beneath the blossoms, and the ugly heads of alligators will now and then agitate the silver petals of the lilies, but who can blame the reptiles for choosing haunts which eclipse the glories of Solomon's raiment?

The stations on Southern lines are pictures. I will give just one. Here is a dilapidated frame house, contrived, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "a double debt to pay;" it is partly hotel, partly post-office. Men, women, and children, whom nobody saw from the windows, straggle towards the rail, and gaze idly on the long line of carriages bringing the world to their solitudes. What dreamy faces! What black, indolent eyes! What costumes! Altogether, what a Lotus-land!

Religion has penetrated these wilds. There is a colored wench watching some passengers who wear a religious garb. She informs them that she is a Catholic by making the sign of the cross. A pleasant greeting, a few medals and rosaries judiciously distributed, and the children of Ham surround the religious party. The negresses hold up their heavy, solemn-looking babies to be "blessed," vociferating the while: "Voyez, voyez, mes enfants; voyez le bon Dieu!"

But were the Pope and his retinue to descend from the cars, that grinning field negro of *antebellum* times would not advance. His huge legs are thrown athwart the clumsy fence. He is too lazy to stare. The effort would overpower him. If he sees you, his big watery eyes must have dropped on you by accident. But it is summer, we must not be hard on him. The very gamins play their pranks lazily now. That big nigga' may nevertheless go to the Methodist camp-meeting this evening and display the agility of a rope dancer. When he "gits religion" he will drive his peers to the right and to the left, emit howlings, and practice facial contortions that would scare Beelzebub, and finish by planting his wonderful teeth in the trunk of a hickory.

"What is this; what is this?" asked a rheumatic Englishman, who by chance got on the coast campground at the meeting hour, and, flung aside by a giant of a negro, leaped out of the path of danger with a briskness his physician would have deemed incredible.

"Oh nothing, sir," laughed a jolly Hibernian, who saw good sport in the scene; "it is only a darkey, sir, getting the 'glory-spasm.'"

The train moves on, bearing beauty, fashion, and invalidism to the quiet picturesque nooks of the coast. Bay St. Louis, a charming spot, the summer retreat of the older French families; Pass Christian, or The Pass, attracts owners of fine equipages and handsome saddle horses; its beach, some five miles long, being convenient for this sort of display; Biloxi with its ancient fort, and Pascagoula with its weird Indian legends. All these, and several smaller places, are within two or three hours of New Orleans and Mobile. Neither business nor family need suffer from the prolonged absence of its head; the merchant can attend his store all day and join his family at the seaside in the evening. The

morning train will bring him to his counter in time for the day's business.

The largest and most beautiful town on the coast is Biloxi, an Indian name which signifies Turtle Killers. Founded in 1699, it had already a fort before New Orleans was begun or even planned, and Iberville and Bienville were not the only great colonizers that shared the honors and the hardships of its foundation. In its resident population of over two thousand (increased by a thousand during the bathing season) almost every civilized country is represented. The French and Spanish languages are largely spoken, though fast giving way to English, which every Biloxian of to-day understands.

The beach, hardly passable for carriages, is lined with beautiful residences, belonging chiefly to wealthy Louisianians. Running out into the sea before each dwelling is a wharf or bridge some two or three hundred feet long, connecting a sort of bathing house with the front garden. The wharf finishes by a railed platform, built, like the bath-house, on posts driven into the sand at low tide. Crabbing, fishing, dancing, singing, make these places gay, especially in the evening. The mornings are mostly devoted to bathing.

In a hot country, the gulf shore style of "dipping" has one great advantage over the surf bathing of the North. When you plunge into the waves from the ladder of your bath-house you are completely shaded by the loose plank walls of that crazy construction. Hats, therefore, are a superfluity in the bathing costume; indeed, the hat has not yet been invented that could screen the head from the sunbeams which pour down at noon into the Gulf of Mexico.

The view from these wharves is, I think, unique. The primeval forest seems to stretch to the water's edge; the houses look like white patches among the green trees; and here

and there a thin curl of smoke is seen scaling the brooding storm-cloud. In front the broad ocean prospect is broken by Deer Island and Ship Island, famous in the annals of the civil war. The sea stretches out to the sky. Great blue waves, streaked by feathery foam, come in, laughing, tumbling, and roaring. Schooners, sail-boats, and skiffs ply in every direction for business or pleasure, and the invigorating sea-breeze never lags. Few spend a season at a coast watering-place without seeing that "horribly beautiful sight" a tropical storm.

Mornings, nights, and evenings in this region are ineffably delicious. Sunrise and sunset might turn a Boeotian into a poet, but never has poet adequately described the *stillness* of these scenes. As for the Southern moon—well, it makes one think people in higher latitudes have only a moon of tinsel. Such a white silver light; such a yellow golden light! No enchanter ever pretended to a wand like its rays. They touch the waves, and precious stones of unimagined gorgeousness leap up to the surface, flashing like the rubies and jasper and amethyst of the pearly portals of heaven. Sometimes the clouds, after taking every fantastic shape, tumble into an opaque heap and veil the moon, making palpable darkness. Now face the beach, and see the lurid glare of its pine fires. Here and there a dark fisherman snatches a flaming brand, and presently you see its lengthened shadow in the waves, while it illumines and even glorifies the visage of its holder. Unwary flounders swim towards the light as the moth flies to the flame, and the sport of "spearing flounders" begins. This fish is considered a great delicacy, and the peculiar mode of catching it is one of the most weird sights to be seen on the glorious nights that fall like a pall over the Mississippi Sound.

But what of the noontide? Well,



if the truth must be told, there are no words in any language that can describe the broiling, sweltering, maddening heat which bears down upon the hazy sea and the white silvery sand. Still, there is always a breeze, and you can be as cool as you please if you keep your unacclimated person within the walls of a house built in the seaboard fashion, that is, low, broad, shaded, and able to breast the storm. Like all the other inconveniences of life, people who have nothing to do feel the heat most annoyingly.

No artist will ever reproduce the quivering moonlight, the intense sunshine, the preternatural calm of these scenes, fresh from the hand of God. The glories of the greatest landscape painters, compared to these, would be but as the daubing of a child to the coloring of Claude. Sir Joshua Reynolds might well have such in view when he declared it more easy to trace the heads of his pictures than to put in the background.

Immigration would be a great boon in these regions. Land is cheap, taxation low; fuel, fish, and game within reach of all. An energetic man could live, and even grow rich, by the produce of his vegetable garden and fruit trees, especially the orange trees.

There are at least seven Catholic churches scattered over the hundred and twenty miles that divide New Orleans and Mobile. Catholic schools are numerous and efficiently conducted. A Convent of St. Joseph is built under the shadow of the Church at Bay St. Louis; the pink walls of the Convent of Mercy at The Pass glare through the pines and hickories as the train flies by; and at Biloxi, embosomed in orange and fig trees, is another Convent of Mercy, appropriately called *Maris Stella*. Here, as elsewhere, these institutions are centres of intellectual and industrial life, by no means confining themselves to the teaching of the

catechism, though that be the most important teaching our youth can receive.

The climate is as healthy as it is salubrious. Deaths, except from old age, are uncommon; I am acquainted with several centenarians. The people are polite, affable, and obliging. They have much of the repose of an old civilization. They are not always, however, overburdened with energy. If I mistake not, the most flourishing orchards, cane-fields, and oyster-beds belong chiefly to men of European birth, Irish, French, Italian, German, Danish, etc. Poverty rarely admits of any other explanation than laziness. If the men, aborigines shall I call them? though they boast no Indian blood, are not lazy, they are a much maligned race. The women are very industrious.

What I shall here set down concerning the men, may be calumny or detraction, or a mixture of both; my readers may pass a winter on the coast, and judge for themselves.

When a youth approaches that age wherein much value is attached to a clean shirt, rather upon ornamental than upon sanitary grounds, he suddenly thinks of looking about for a wife. As the number of fools is infinite, an early success rewards his generous quest, and henceforth, the honor of supporting him is transferred from his mother to his bride. That eminently charitable lady not only enables him to sport immaculate shirt-fronts, but nourishes him on a fish diet, the results of which upset in my mind some respectable theories about brain-producing condiments. The wife raises vegetables, catches crabs, takes in washing, and busies herself in desultory ways; the husband lounges about door-steps and shady alley-ways, and drops into peaceful slumbers. Some are said to be still more eminent for laziness. I heard of one, who finding himself unequal to the onerous task of coming home to his meals, crawled to the water's edge, and

thrust in his head, fervently hoping that a crab would waddle into his open mouth. But the inventor of that story never saw the monstrous crabs which mature in the Mexican Gulf:

“ Whose shape  
Would make them, had they bulk and size,  
More hideous foes than fancy can devise ;”

and which, at any period of their infancy, would be very uncomfortable guests in the human mouth.

Indolence, as is well known, is the vice most difficult to be eradicated. I tried earnestly with some of these people, but cannot be over vain of my success. They showed more activity in running to see the cars come in, or the revenue cutter go by, or the schooners unloading, than in doing the work for which I contracted to pay them.

I shall never forget the difficulty we found in procuring, for love or money, a coffin for an orphan child who died at our house. One man took a long time to satisfy himself that a coffin was really necessary, and then walked off, saying he wouldn't make it. Another had no lumber, but might get some next week. Next week, and the thermometer varying from ninety to a hundred, and no ice to be got, and no undertaker within sixty miles! A third had lumber, but thought he would rather make a boat than a coffin. A brother of his, who got up so hurriedly that he appeared in his wife's bathing-gown, advised us to telegraph to the Crescent City for the necessary receptacle, it having been currently reported that the “telegraph man” had been asleep two days, and serious doubts were entertained as to whether he would wake again until the dog-days were over.

Finally, a small, spare man, through whose veins coursed the blood of some chivalrous ancestry, offered to oblige us, provided he could get help. We at once authorized him to hire all the available help in the

country. I think his son, and his wife, an Irish lady, must have given him efficient aid, for we had a good oak coffin about noon.

I shall never lose my sense of obligation to that reluctant mechanic. When he said a conditional “yes” to my piteous appeal, methought his wizened countenance glowed with the beauty of Raphael or Gabriel; and his voice, which never before or since showed any peculiar cadences, was sweeter to my ears than the bass of Lablache, and more thrilling than the tenor of Mario. The grave was still to be dug, but how that was accomplished it would take a volume to explain. What a work of mercy it was, under such circumstances, to bury the dead!

We placed the cold remains of our fair child in that dearly-bought coffin, and filled it with choice flowers. The solemn dirges of the Church were sung, and the funeral procession wound out from under the orange trees, headed by the Curé and his acolytes. Under the waving pines beside the bright sea, she was laid, not, indeed, among kindred dust, her kindred sleep far away, but she was not the only one of her race in that lone cemetery. One of those sweet children born to fulfil in a short while a long space, we felt as though she carried her baptismal robe unsullied to heaven. Perhaps she smiled from her bright throne above, on our zealous efforts to give decent burial to her body, so long the temple of the Holy Ghost.

What a dreary episode in so gay a subject as *Watering-places*, some one may say. Why not tell us about balls, and parties, and pic-nics, and boating? Reader, pardon me. I might promise to gratify you, if we were to meet again this summer. For the present I salute you from my orange grove by the shimmering sea, and whisper a tender, an affectionate *Vale*.



## FROM OUT THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE story came softly from dying lips—softly, fitfully, as lips must speak when they set free the sound of a voice called failing here, because its echoes, piercing the dome of the great beyond, return not to us. A story in its simplicity, sublime; in its tenderness, grand; in its truth, all-powerful; a story for the infidel to hear, and acknowledge God; the sinner to take into his hardened heart, that it might melt to the tears whose flow would unlock for him the closed gate of heaven. All unlettered the tongue, which spoke its words, eloquent alone, through simplicity and truth; all uncultivated, according to the world's acceptance of the word, the mind which sent them forth for utterance, yet, to the listeners, it was a mind of wisdom no volume on earth could have given.

They were young girls, fair and happy, with youth's untouched possession of joy, and proud with the consciousness of that possession. They had stolen away from a bevy of gay companions, to enjoy uninterrupted a summer ramble and a girlish chat; a chat in which revealings of sweet secrets were blended with guileless surmises about the enigmas life so sternly solves for us, as youth passes away, and gentle visions of the unseen and hoped-for future. As if to glorify the sweet talk, "like perfume from an unseen censer," rose the fragrance of the wild honeysuckle on the forest air, mingling itself above with the rare and balmy odor of the "murmuring pines," and on the clouds of their incense were wafted the tones of the young voices. When the glamour of all this began to wane:

"I am very tired, Alice."

"And I would look upon a draught of cool milk as nectar direct from the domain of Jove, the thunderer, Estelle. See, there is a house of logs, suggestive of cream, fresh eggs, honey, and all the other delectable miracles of country life. Let us penetrate; let us offer bribes in greenback shape; let us partake of the 'fat of the land,' which stretches itself out in such dainty attire of green velvet about the primitive dwelling."

As she spoke, they emerged from the beautiful forest in which they had for the length of a bright June morning lost themselves, and stood looking upon a prospect, the charm of which it would be hard, nay, impossible, to embody in language. Nestling in a circular hollow of green, velvety indeed, stood the low-roofed log-cabin, and like gleaming jewels set in the softness of the sward, flowed the ripples of a little stream, flowed and sparkled and danced, and then slept in the deep, clear pools, all to the music of its own dainty voice. Just close to the house, stretching out towards a belt of woods beyond, was a field of the waving, the peerless, the graceful rye, with its robe of strange green, that seems striving to steal a reflection of the sky's blue, or else a memory of the ocean's tint, you cannot well say which, for its peculiar adornment. Then, up from the stream's mossy edge, stately hills reared themselves, their tops all crowned with the delicate tufts of feathery evergreens, which so timidly bend to the zephyr's touch, yet live to withstand all the storms of winter's reign, reminding one of sweet humility, which trembles in joy, yet sternly defies the powers of earth and hell in temptation's storm.

Over this beautiful scene, however, a stillness brooded, which seemed to hold something awful in its peace.

"I do not know why," said Alice, "but I feel as if I were in the presence of death."

"And I too," said Estelle, "but perhaps that is only fancy's work; let us go on. As we come nearer to the house we will be sure to find some signs of life."

It was strange that, as they put down the bars answering for a gate, clouds began to gather in the sky, and all the sunny aspect of the scene vanished as if by some stroke of an invisible conjuror's wand.

"I wonder," said Alice, in a tone involuntarily hushed, as we hush our voices in the presence of the dead or the suffering, "is there any danger of a cross dog attacking us? There are always dogs about a place like this."

"*There can be no dog here,*" said a deep gentle voice near; "do not be afraid."

They looked in the direction of the sound, and saw a picture set in the shadows of the summer storm-cloud, which impressed itself indelibly on their happy young hearts, destined to be touched that day as they had never been before. Seated, or rather grovelling on the ground, was a boy, who, judging from his face, might have been any age from fifteen to twenty-one, but there was no mistaking the expression of it; you need not have looked below it to know that it was the countenance of one deformed. But looking below a sight presented itself, which even amongst crowds of the deformed would have been most pitiable of all. From the waist down, this creature's body was simply a hideous heap, that bore the peculiar aspect of something dead huddled together under rags, and a human being sitting on the ghastly thing. But the attention of the lookers on was quickly diverted from the horror of the sight, by two beautiful elements of the picture; one, a lovely little

girl seated on the ground with the cripple, cuddling up close to him, and resting her silken head against his shoulder, while she shared with him the delights of the other; a crowd of domestic pets noisily assembling around them. Doves perched on his head and shoulders, two pretty kids fed from one of his hands, a perfect swarm of young chickens and ducklings strove to get near him, and lazily blinking her eyes at all in supremacy of self-satisfaction, a beautiful white kitten nestled on the child's lap. And though occasionally his pallid face turned itself towards the house with an expression of the deepest and most tender anxiety, nevertheless it grew beautiful with smiles when it again regarded the clamoring, loving crowd; while those smiles beamed there, the countenance of the cripple was lost, and a striking resemblance to the face of the beautiful child stamped itself in the place of that habitual look of suffering and premature age always to be seen on such. Upon this strange and certainly unexpected picture, the two young girls stood a moment looking in unspeakable compassion, the compassion of youth's untried heart, which knows no reserve and admits no cavil. Then said Alice gently, "Poor fellow!"

"Ah!" said the deep, gentle voice, which had spoken before, "it is my mother you must pity." It was the boy's voice, and held a peculiar tone, as if a soul fainting from weariness, but kept in life by love, struggled to be free through it.

"Yes, indeed," answered Alice; "it must be a cause of continual pain to your mother to see you so."

"No, ma'am," said the boy, tears springing softly to his eyes, "I mean she suffers so herself, my poor mother!"

"Grandma has been in bed three years, ma'am, with a tumor," said the little girl; "that's what Bernie means."



Suddenly, as if the heavens were being rent in twain, a loud and fearful clap of thunder broke over their heads. A look of the most fearful agony transformed the cripple's face, and with the cry of a hunted thing he swiftly made his way towards the house, with the aid of one hand and the dragging of his shapeless trunk along the ground. The swiftness of the movement only added to the woful horror of the spectacle, and the whole manner of the poor creature reminded one more of the actions of an animal than a human being.

"Isn't that perfectly awful!" cried Estelle.

"Awful!" echoed Alice, "and just to think of other suffering inside. What a lesson!"

"Poor Bernie," said the little girl, "is dreadfully afraid of thunder and lightning, ma'am, and he must run to grandma when it comes, or he would dië, I do believe. Then," she added sadly, "they say she is going to die soon, and I don't know what Bernie is ever going to do if she does."

Before they could answer another loud clap of thunder, and the fall of some heavy drops of rain, made all three hasten in the direction he had taken. Once inside, they saw what had cast the indescribable stillness over the place.

The entire house consisted of one room. In this stood two beds, a few chairs, an empty stove, and that species of cupboard dear to the heart of the country housewife, and known as a "corner cupboard." The floor was bare, but perfectly clean, as were all the other appointments of the poor place.

There is a kind of poverty pathetic beyond words for its very absence of attempt at veiling its presence, by the little expedients familiar to the deft hand of woman, and often successful in producing an effect of comfort, by no means really in existence. And the peculiar pathos of this poverty arises from the fact, that

the hearts ground down by its iron heel, lack the spirit which creates the wish to hide the rule of the tyrant from stranger eyes, and that such spirit is dead within them is a sadder fact than the poverty with all its attendant pains. This was the kind evidently holding rule here, unmitigated by any sweet work of skilful hands, unshrinkingly left bare for all eyes to see. But, indeed, no eye could stop to dwell on it in view of what lay upon one of those poor and plainly comfortless beds; that would absorb attention from all other belongings of the room. The emaciated form of a woman rested there in suffering so palpable, that the hardest heart must have been touched by the spectacle. From side to side it feebly moved, with painful constancy of motion that seemed to wear it out, and yet seemed entirely uncontrollable; *no rest* was plainly the lot of that suffering frame, no rest until would come that which earth could not disturb. The poor, white hands upon the coverlet clenched themselves with the same unceasing toil, but the face upon the pillow—ah! what words could ever describe the sublimity of its peace, even set, as it was, in an expression of intense pain. Language does not possess them; you should see such look to know its heavenly beauty, and once seen you could never forget it. Sixty years of life had left their marks upon that fading face, and the soft crown of silky black hair that rose above it on the pillow was shining here and there with silver, yet the expression of the soft brown eyes was such as the soul of a little child might send forth to charm all lookers-on with its guilelessness and simple faith. As they entered the dying voice was speaking to one who sat near the head of the bed, sat with moist eyes and tender expression of face, a young girl like themselves, one whom they had often met in their rides and walks, and whom they had often heard spoken of in the gay summer

resort which was their temporary home, as "eccentric," and as girls called it, "poky."

"That was beautiful, my dear," the dying voice was breathing forth; "oh, so beautiful! To think," and the dying eyes fixed themselves upon the fair sweet face with a look that was benediction in itself, "to think that *I* have lived sixty-one years, and never, never heard it till you told me. How I find comfort in it, my dear, the Sacred Heart of Jesus!" A paroxysm of pain choked her voice.

"Oh, Sacred Heart, let me bear it in your holy wound; let my depth of pain be buried there!" the young girl said, fervently; and as a child repeats its lesson the woman repeated it after her.

"It is horrible!" she then said; "awful, like a coal of fire burning into my very heart!"

"Yes," answered the young girl, using a petting, cooing tone, and stroking the silken hair upon the pale forehead; "it is, indeed, and your poor back must be a torture to you, but just as you suffer from head to foot so did our Lord suffer on the cross. He only wants to make you like himself; and that is why you have such pain. And as every pain pierces to the heart, so just as yours is aching now his sacred heart ached on the cross, the terrible cross, which did not afford him even the comfort of this bed of pain on which you lie. Just think! cruel nails were his resting-place."

Every heart in the room was touched to tears as the dying voice answered, "Oh, Sacred Heart, let those nails pierce my soul with sorrow for my sins!"

Then, in a few moments more, "My dear, my dear," said the dying voice, "I have nothing to give you for your goodness to me; and you came to me like an angel from heaven. So I am going to tell you my story before I die, because your heart is young, and maybe the lesson

will be gold and silver to it. I can't tell though, and you can't tell, how it was that God was so good to me, to call me to the true Church at the last, after sixty-one years of life. Just to think, I laid here and worked it out in my own mind, without any one telling me a word about it, that I could never enter the kingdom of heaven if I didn't become a Catholic!"

Another paroxysm of pain, another fervent aspiration on the part of the young girl, faithfully echoed by the dying lips. Then,

"You know, my dear, I had been nearly three years in bed, and seeing no doctor or medicine gave me any relief, I began to think about the other world. I wasn't to say a church member, though I always tried to do what I thought was right; but I tell you, when you look back on any kind of a life from the edge of the grave, it seems all but a poor excuse. So, my dear, I thought I'd get some good praying church members to pray and exhort around me, and maybe then I'd happen to get religion myself. But after they'd go I'd feel as if there was no comfort in religion, and I'd be more anxious than ever about my poor soul. Even when the ministers came it was all the same, and at last I quit having them, and they all agreed I was an awful case of an impenitent sinner."

She stopped. Pain convulsed her for several minutes, and the young girl prayed all the time in audible whispers. When at last it was over,

"Ah!" breathed the dying voice, "that *is* prayer, that *is* religion. You know, my dear, when I got into this awful state of mind, and begun to think my soul would be lost, I said to myself, 'I have had a good deal of sorrow in my life, and I tried to do what was right in all, and surely the great God has *some* comfort for poor souls like me at the last, if I only knew where to find it.'"

"So he had," said the young girl

eagerly; so he always has for those who 'try to do right!'"

"And so, my dear, it happened by chance you stopped in one day for a drink of water, and seeing me suffering so hard you knelt down to pray, and as you took me to be dying, you prayed out loud to the Sacred Heart—oh, sacred, Sacred Heart!"

She closed her eyes, and her lips moved gently; she was again in prayer and in pain; out of the prayer and the pain came the next words—

"I had never heard of that so dear to me now—had lived sixty-one years and never heard of it! But I seemed to know it immediately, my dear, and to take such comfort in it as I had never found before in anything. I'll just tell you, it came to me as something I had known long ago, and lost, and forgot, and missed all the time without knowing what I missed, and then, all of a sudden when it came back, I knew it again. Wasn't that strange?"

"Nay," said the young girl with quivering voice, "the Sacred Heart was with you through suffering, and without your knowing it was all your own! Then," and her voice melted to tears, "in my poor prayer it deigned to reveal its presence; God's ways are wonderful when he wishes to call his own, his own marked out by suffering!"

"But I never did anything to deserve it, my dear! That's what I was going to tell you. After you went away I found out that you were a Catholic, and I began to think the Catholic Church must be the one that has comfort for poor souls like me. So I asked these around me to bring me a Catholic priest, but there was always some excuse that they couldn't get one. Then I prayed to the Sacred Heart to bring you back, and sure enough you came, and you soon had me baptized and received into the Church. From the minute I was baptized, my dear, I just changed

into as different a creature as if I wasn't myself any more at all. All was turmoil before, and all was peace then—peace, peace—"

Pain hushed the beautiful word upon those dying lips; but after another fierce struggle, aided again by prayer, it was softly breathed again, "Peace—praise be to God."

"Even in pain," inquired the young girl, "such pain as that just passed?"

"Even so," said the sufferer, "and what have I done to deserve it? That's what I was going to tell you all the time. I always tried to do right, to be sure, and if I suffered, I tried to be patient; but then, my life was only a poor excuse after all, and there's many would have done better than me, as you'll say when you hear the story. Once, my dear, I was young like you, aye, and fair like you, and loved as mayhap you're loved now. And my love, I thought, was good and true, and a man to take my life in his care, and watch over it like some strong angel. My father was a farmer, and he was one of his workmen, so he opposed our marriage, thinking, maybe, I might get some one better off, and I easily might, but I loved Matthew, and we were married. Well, well, my dear, it was a disappointment, for he was not good like I thought, but turned out a drinking man, and got into bad company, and from his talk when in liquor, I soon found out he had only put on the goodness to get me for the sake of the farm my father would give me; but my father gave me no farm, and so he fell into his old ways, through disappointment. They wanted me to leave him, but I said no; if it turned out that he had some bodily infirmity, I would be mean to leave him, for, before God, he was my husband; and so when it turned out his heart was not right, I was all the same, bound to try to be a good wife. So I tried, but many a time I think I wasn't altogether the real,



right kind, or I'd have been the cause of him reforming."

The lips that had uttered these words of humility almost perfect, grew too tremulous now with pain to go on, and the young girl sat, uttering those ejaculations to the Sacred Heart which so comforted the sufferer. Now the voice was weaker, when it took up the thread of the simple story, and it spoke more slowly.

"*He left me, my dear, left me to support my two little children and one, a cripple from its birth, and I did it by washing. I would not go home, for I still hoped he would repent and come back, and I wanted him to find the little cottage all the same as when he left it—very poor, my dear, but still his own home. And I put a light in the window every night, so if he happened to come at night, he'd think there was welcome. Oh dear! oh dear! he came at last, but such a coming! All rags, and dirt, and his face cut open, and flying from the officers of justice. He said he had committed no crime, but belonged to a gang that had murdered and robbed a man on the highway. I've often thought, my dear, that strength was given me from heaven that night, for I dressed his wound and fixed his clothes without saying a word, and then I said, 'Matthew, if all the world fails you, I'll stick by you, and if you stood at the gallows' foot, I'll stand there with you, but you must leave these men that lead you to wickedness, and come to a land where you'll see them no more.'* And so, my dear, we left our own country, and came here, and when I wrote back to my father, he offered me a home for me and the children if I'd leave Matthew, but I said, 'No; I'm his wife, and because I'm to find suffering with him is no reason I'm to leave him. It is not doing right.' So my father abandoned me, and I led a life of suffering and hard work, for poor Matthew

got deranged, and off and on, ill-treated me; maybe it was strong drink, and maybe it was his disappointments, I don't know; but I never told one but the One above, and I moved to this way-off place, so people wouldn't know, and I bore it all and worked."

As a paroxysm of pain once more silenced the dying lips, a vision rose up before the listeners of the heroic life in that lonely place on which God alone looked, and it was with streaming eyes and hearts full they listened to the simple conclusion.

"So it went on and on, my dear, for years and years, and Matthew grew worse and worse. But I said nothing, till one day I couldn't work. He had hit me on the back; he didn't mean to hurt me so much, of course, but out of it the tumor grew. And when there was nobody to watch him, he went off in his trouble, and one morning he was found dead on the bank of the river; no one ever knew whether it was an accident or not, but maybe, if I'd have been about, it wouldn't have happened. But he's gone before, and surely God wouldn't hold him responsible. But you see, my life wasn't much to deserve so great a favor as this at the last. I only suffered and tried to do right."

"Only!" the fervent lips of the young girl uttered; "oh, secret of the saints, God sent its reward, to 'suffer and to try to do right.'"

"It *was* very little, my dear," spoke the simple soul just ready to go before God; "but it will tell the like of you how the great God can reward so little. Sixty-one years in darkness, and after all to be brought to the light!"

A change came over the pallid face—a change that comes but once—but through its gray shadow a smile of peace ineffable softly settled. The young girl spoke to her gently; she did not seem to hear, though her lips moved as if in prayer. A woman who had been weeping at the foot of

the bed came forward, and threw herself on her knees, crying, "Oh mother, mother!" The cripple dragged himself from where he had been crouching in terror of the storm in a corner near the bed, calling in a piercing voice, "One word, mother, mother!"

She did not seem to hear any of these; she only seemed to know one presence. Like a little child repeating its prayers at its mother's knee, her voice breathed out the aspirations taught to her by the young girl, and the look of her face was more like that of an innocent child than a woman with a long life of suffering left behind.

Truly the stamp of the newly baptized was there, and truly the gift of faith in God still lived, surviving all earthly feelings. Suddenly, a rapt smile broke over the face already marked by death's touch.

"Sacred Heart of Jesus," stole through the stiffening lips, "have mercy on me!"

Then the life whose simple record was, "I only suffered and tried to do right," saw immortality. Perhaps it may tell to some tried heart reading this poor attempt at repro-

ducing it here, the truth, that God guided his own to himself by ways not our ways, and that they who seek him through simply "doing right," will find him certainly. Such was the lesson carried away by the hearts gathered around that lonely deathbed, and it influenced their whole future in a way that showed the direct intervention of Divine Providence in leading them there.

The dead was tenderly laid in consecrated ground, and the living were cared for, and finally brought to the knowledge of the truth. The cripple did not long survive his mother, but long enough to learn to carry the cross till it led him to eternal glory.

In the quiet country churchyard, where the body consecrated by suffering was laid, no monument rises to tell what monuments essay to speak; nor does any chiselled slab even record the name of the dead whom God so honored. Let this simple writing fill the place of monument and slab, and may its lesson live long after the hand which reverently placed it here, is stilled forever.

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## THE GERMAN PERSECUTION.

WE have been accustomed to look on religious liberty as a secure and irrevocable conquest of modern civilization. We have seen its development among ourselves, interrupted here and there for a moment by some trifling obstacle, but still progressing steadily. We have felt its genial influence on social life, and the strength and cohesion it gives to the body politic. Experience has shown us that it in no way diminishes religious zeal or promotes indifferentism. While we have learned to tolerate one another's intolerance, we are

more, not less, active in defending religious truth than our forefathers were.

The best men among us of all classes and creeds look with as much astonishment on the attempt, in a country which has enjoyed religious freedom, to revive the old doctrine, *cujus regio illius religio*, as they would on the revival of trial by ordeal, or of serfdom.

We therefore, in the first instance, are disposed to lend a ready ear to those journals which make light of the practical effects of the Falk laws in Germany.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe that in a highly civilized nation at our very door two-thirds of the best-educated population in the world are engaged in an attempt utterly to root out the religion of the remaining one-third; that in some districts already the ministrations of the Catholic Church are as entirely prohibited as they were among us in the time of the penal laws; and that the ultimate effect of the existing laws, if they are carried out, must be to exclude from Prussia every Catholic priest who does not carry on his ministrations by stealth.

If, then, we desire to inform that public opinion which the organs of the German Government seek to delude, and evidently therefore fear, we must not confine ourselves to publishing the text of the Falk laws, we must look into the concrete working of this mechanism of persecution. We must realize ourselves, and enable others to realize its effect.

For this purpose it may be well from time to time to publish accurate accounts of the operation of the new confessional laws in the various dioceses which are subject to them, and we commence this month with the condition of Posen and Gnesen in August last.

1. In the diocese of Posen, twenty parishes, counting thirty-one thousand five hundred and twenty souls, were deprived of divine service, partly by the death of priests whom Government does not allow to be replaced; partly, by the imprisonment of those who refused to name the apostolic delegate.

The parish of Nekla, near Kostrzyn, one thousand two hundred and fifteen souls, is equally deprived of divine service. The priest of this parish, having corresponded with the commissary intrusted by the Government with the administration of church property, lost the confidence of his parishioners, and was obliged to resign.

2. In the diocese of Gnesen,

divine service has ceased in ten parishes (twelve thousand five hundred and thirty-three souls) in consequence of the demise of their vicars.

Five other parishes of seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-one souls were, during, more or less, four months, deprived of divine service, in consequence of the imprisonment of their parish priests, for refusing to name the apostolic delegate. They were released as soon as the Government succeeded in finding him out.

3. In both dioceses the Ecclesiastical Seminaries were closed—at Posen two years ago, at Gnesen three months ago. The two assistant bishops were exiled, and will be imprisoned should they return. The one was condemned to nine months' imprisonment for having consecrated the oils on Holy Thursday; the other to six months' imprisonment for having given Confirmation, once only.

Fifty parishes at least, in the two dioceses, have but one priest, when, by the size of the parish, two or three are required. Young priests sent to these parishes two years ago, have been expelled, imprisoned, or banished.

4. In the parishes deprived of their clergy, no priest, even from an adjoining parish, was allowed to bear spiritual assistance to the dying, unless he obtained leave from the Chief President of the province, residing at Posen. The first transgression is punished by a few weeks' imprisonment; the next, by a longer imprisonment, followed by expulsion from their country. Saying Low Mass, in another parish, whether it be in a church, or in a private chapel, was subject to the same penalty, if it were proved, that any one person was present besides the servers.

5. Some young priests wore disguise, and let their beards and whiskers grow in order not to be recognized, and to be thus able to make themselves useful here and there;



none had been discovered. If they were, they would be condemned to prison for a period not exceeding two years, to be followed by banishment.

6. Parishioners bereft of their clergy, assembled in their churches for prayer and chanting in common on Sundays and feast days. If sometimes a priest in disguise entered the church and performed the service, sentinels were placed on watch in order to give notice, in case of the approach of the police.

When it became known that a priest had been in the church, and the police asked his name from the peasants, and whence he came, they always answered he must have come from Jerusalem or from Rome.

7. Domiciliary visits were very frequent. Some priests have had to undergo more than one. Private papers and letters, not only were read with curiosity, but were confiscated, especially if they seemed to throw any kind of suspicion on any one. Such searches could not be made unless authorized by the *procureur*. However, when they did take place illegally, complaints were of no avail.

8. Those priests who were imprisoned only for having refused to name the delegate, were allowed the use of books, paper, and pen, they might have light in the evening, and procure their own food.

Those who were in prison for the transgression of the May laws were denied pen and ink; their letters and newspapers were subject to inspection; and the permission of procuring their own food, and having light at night, depended on the good pleasure of their judges.

In the Duchy of Posen there is no case of their having been refused.

Mass was not allowed, not even in the chapel of the prison.

9. The heaviest penalties were inflicted on those priests who had refused to correspond with the commissaries appointed by Falk to ad-

minister the property of the Church. This refusal involved enormously heavy fines, exceeding, in several cases, the yearly income of those who were condemned to them. If the offence was repeated, the delinquent was forthwith banished.

Performing spiritual functions on feast days, and on plenary indulgences, which attract numbers, and when so many priests are required, in an adjoining parish, were subject to the same penalties.

The clergy of the Archdiocese of Gnesen and Posen who were imprisoned and banished for infractions of the Falk laws, up to August, 1875, comprise one archbishop, two bishops, four canons, one prelate of the household of the Holy Father, twenty-nine deans, thirteen parish priests, and fifty-one vicars, young priests, and monks.

Some were imprisoned merely because they had performed their spiritual functions without the authorization of the civil power; others, on feast days at their neighbors, had been found to preach, say Mass, and hear confessions; or, in a destitute parish, to administer the holy sacraments to the dying.

To these are to be added about fifty young priests in the last two years admitted to priesthood, and expelled from places appointed them by the ecclesiastical power, or compelled to seek for private employment either abroad or in the country.

At least four hundred priests of the two archdioceses have been fined. The fines imposed were in some instances very large, sometimes as much as a thousand thalers.

A letter before us from a priest who had been just let out of jail, says: "We do not know how long we shall be at liberty. From day to day the Procureur-General may think it fit to put us under lock and key. This is not a pleasant lookout, but if it pleases God to send us this trial, we have only to submit with patience and tranquillity."

Another letter contains the following passage: "This is the *modus operandi*. The police, or some inferior Government agent, lodges an information against a priest for having violated the May laws. The over president of the province, without waiting for any trial, orders the immediate banishment of the accused. The police carry him off to the frontier. This prevents him from defending himself, and is then generally condemned *in contumaciam*. By this means enormous gaps are made in the rural clergy, particularly in the parishes which join those where schismatical priests have been placed."

There follows then a description too long for us to insert, of the imprisonment of a professor who would not give information to the police of the hiding-place of his brother, a zealous priest for whom they had been hunting a long time without success.

Lastly, the Government, when it took possession of the property of the Church, engaged to pay fixed incomes to the bishops and clergy—the payment of those incomes was stopped on the 1st of July—only one of the canons of the cathedral by an exception, but very honorable to him, has been paid.

Contrast this violent and cruel proceeding with the course taken in the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church. In the one case a whole priesthood reduced by a stroke of the pen to beggary; in the other every vested right respected, and no one deprived of a single shilling of his income.

Such is the condition of the Catholics of Germany; such are the trials against which, with unwavering courage and unbroken front, they are contending. To use the words of one of the most eminent men among them, "A gigantic war has been kindled against us, in which individuals may perish, suffer loss of earthly goods, and endure many

sorts of martyrdom. Humanly speaking, we might almost envy the Roumanian Jews." But it may be asked, are the German Catholics free from blame? Have they not refused to accede to laws reasonable in themselves, and in no way subversive of the essential principles of the Catholic Church?

The heathen state, as Döllinger once wrote, was founded on the principle of utility, of interest, and of brute force—it sought to penetrate all spheres of life, and as an ever-working, ever-grinding machine, to throw down the nations beneath its yoke. It believed, as up to the very latest times the Government of Japan also believed, that the doctrines of Christianity would undermine its very existence, worship of the fatherland was to it the soul of religion; freedom of conscience was unknown to it, and it saw in the Christian Church merely an unlawful society.

Can it be that the German State, which Dr. von Döllinger now supports, is moving and acting on those principles he so eloquently and powerfully held up to the abhorrence of mankind?

We see the Catholic body in Germany, laity as well as clergy, united together almost as one man in their opposition to the Falk laws. We know that Dr. von Döllinger's name and influence have detached from them but an infinitesimally small number, even with the aid of some of the most powerful of the Silesian nobility. Common sense forbids us to believe that several millions of educated men would wantonly and heedlessly subject themselves to obloquy, calumny, and ostracism. This seems a just and irresistible presumption.

The issue to be tried is, after all, a very simple one—are there or are there not provisions in the confessional laws which no Catholic can with a safe conscience submit or subscribe to? If there are no such provisions, the German Catholics are

heedlessly subjecting themselves to persecution; if there are such provisions, the German Government is endeavoring to blot out from the Bible the command to obey God rather than man.

It would be a waste of time to recapitulate here the long list of vexatious and oppressive enactments contained in these laws. We confine ourselves to a very few of them. By a law passed in 1873, "No ecclesiastical office can be filled, either permanently or even provisionally, by any one who is not a German having passed the leaving examination in a German gymnasium—having studied theology for three years in a German State university, and having passed an examination regulated by the State in science." To this provision for forming the minds of the future priesthood of Germany is to be added compulsory service in the army.

The appointment of professors in the universities is in the hands of the Government; already some of the professors of theology at Bonn are old Catholics. What sort of professors Prince Bismarck and M. Falk will appoint cannot be doubtful. If any nominal Catholic be appointed, it will be as a reward for well proved submission to the will of the State. Comment on a law which takes from the Church the education of her ministers is superfluous. What would be thought of handing over the training of ministers for the Scotch kirk to the Jesuits? and yet there are more doctrines held in common by orthodox Presbyterians and Jesuits than by Catholics and many of the professors in German universities. Besides, as Edmund Burke remarks, "If a Roman Catholic clergyman intended for celibacy and the function of confession, is not strictly bred in a seminary where these things are respected, inculcated, and enforced as sacred, and not made the object of derision and obloquy,

he will be ill fitted for the former, and the latter will be indeed in his hands a horrible instrument." And again, all modes of education, conducted by those whose minds are cast in another mould, as I may say, and whose original ways of thinking are formed upon the reverse pattern, must be to the Catholic clergy not only useless, but mischievous.

The law we have been considering was, as we have seen, passed in 1873. In 1874 a new law subjected to fine and imprisonment any ecclesiastic who exercised any ecclesiastical function, *e. g.*, said Mass for the people or heard confessions, unless he could prove that he was legally authorized, *i. e.*, authorized by the civil authorities. In 1875, all salaries and material advantages given to the Catholic clergy by the State, or by public establishments, were suspended, upon the condition that they were to serve in any diocese where the bishop gave in writing a promise to submit for the future to all laws that had been passed or that ever could be passed by the State.

Power was taken in dioceses where the bishop refused to sign this engagement to restore his salary to any priest taking the oath.

Finally the law to regulate the administration of vacant Catholic bishoprics contains the following clause:

"Any ecclesiastic who wishes to exercise episcopal rights or duties must address in writing the President of the Province, and among other things must declare that he is ready to swear that he will observe all the laws of the State."

The Prussian bishops assembled at Fulda, on the 2d of April, 1875, prayed the Emperor not to require from them this oath. "Such a declaration," they said, "made unconditionally is irreconcilable with the conscience of a Christian." Their prayer was contemptuously refused. We leave it to every fair-minded man, whatever may be his



creed, to judge whether a Catholic bishop could be an honest man who swore to observe without reserve or restriction laws assuming the supremacy of the State over the Church, taking away from the ecclesiastical authorities the education of the clergy, and submitting all ecclesiastical functions—the administration of the sacraments, public worship, the saying of Mass—to the civil authorities. The Prussian minister of justice, Dr. Leonhardt, in 1874, in no way questioned the incompatibility of these oaths with the conscience of Catholics. In supporting a law authorizing the Government to withdraw from ecclesiastics who after fine and imprisonment continued to resist the confessional laws, the rights of citizenship, and to banish them, he used on the 21st of April these words, “I think that no one is obliged against his conscience to submit himself to the law of the State. He may separate himself from the State and, once outside of it, he may act as one who does not belong to it. In principle this measure of banishment is evidently just. He who in the State does not submit to its laws is banished from the State.”

Let the Catholic Church cease to be what she is, let her teach by the grace of emperors and parliaments, not by the grace of God, or let her go.

This is the alternative offered to the religion of some twelve or thirteen millions of its subjects by the government of Germany. Who could have imagined, save Edmund Burke, fifty-two years ago, that atheism could produce one of the most violently operative principles of fanaticism?

Who could have imagined, we may ask in our turn, that the almost total eclipse of dogmatic belief among the German Protestants

would have produced the absolute denial of religious liberty?

They it was who commenced the persecution.

The stern cruelty with which it is carried on probably arises from the proud resolve of Prince Bismarck to crush all who presume to oppose his behests, but it must always be remembered that it was the national Liberal party who, by making war against the Church the condition of supporting his government, engaged him in the course he now so relentlessly pursues.

Our object has been attained if we have enabled our readers, by a description of the working of the Falk laws in two dioceses, to realize however faintly the present condition of the Catholics of Prussia. The laity in a large and extending area deprived of Mass, of Sacraments, of all the ministrations of religion. The clergy—many suffering, all liable to suffer, captivity, fines, exile—all placed under the alternative of deprivation of their means of livelihood, or signing an anti-Catholic engagement, almost every one of them accepting the martyrs’ and confessors’ privilege, leave to suffer when in conscience he dare not.

The appeal which their generous and unswerving devotion makes to their brethren in the faith, will be responded to here. We trust that a day may be fixed on which every English speaking congregation in the United Kingdom, in America, in Australia, in India, at the Cape of Good Hope, may join together their prayers for those who are suffering persecution for justice’ sake, and when the poorest among us will be given an opportunity of contributing his mite towards the assistance of confessors who have abandoned all their worldly goods for the sake of Christ.

THE PATRIOT'S WIDOW.

THE enemy was nearing,  
His banner proud uprearing ;  
Our last hope disappearing,  
    Our bravest, best, laid low ;  
Of *all* it might bereave me,  
And *he* could not deceive me,  
'Twas death to him to leave me—  
    I *loved*, and bade him go.

In vain ! repulsed, retreating,  
E'en to our walls ; sad greeting !—  
One last and anguished meeting  
    We gave that hapless band.  
I heard the victors crying,  
I saw the dead and dying,  
I saw our leaders flying ;  
    I *loved*, and bade him stand.

He stood where swords were flashing,  
Where the fierce shell was crashing,  
Where the gored steeds were dashing,  
    He stood beneath mine eye ;  
I marked his blood fast flowing,  
His arm more heavy growing,  
His eye more faintly glowing ;  
    I *loved*, and saw him die.

Time passed, and there came round me  
Those who in sorrow found me,  
With love that would have bound me  
    Once more in wedded chain ;  
And friends were there entreating,  
And every hour repeating  
That grief and youth were fleeting ;  
    I *loved*—but not again.

And now there's none to cheer me,  
Hardly are any near me ;  
My last fair child, I fear me,  
    Dies also ere her prime ;  
The world is dark before me,  
And few would now deplore me :  
But Heaven !—that brightens o'er me !  
    I *love*—and bide my time.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE attention of the civilized world is now directed to the war between Turkey and Serbia. The cause of this war is the universal sympathy felt in Serbia for the oppression exercised on the Slavonic Christians of the Greek Church, who form so large a proportion of the population of Turkey. Turkey contains 35,000,000 of inhabitants, of whom 12,800,000 belong to the governing race. There are over 6,000,000 of the Slavonic race, who belong mostly to the Greek Church. Serbia, which is a tributary State, has been under the rule of its native princes since 1815. By the treaty of Paris, in 1856, its independence was guaranteed by the Great Powers of Europe. Its population, which is only a little over 1,000,000, is of the same race and creed as the Christians in Turkey proper, and of late years a strong party has existed, having for its object the formation of a Slavonic kingdom. Prince Milan IV of Serbia has placed himself at the head of this movement. Russia seeks to use the Slavonic party for its own aggrandizement, and therefore watches the contest between Turkey and Serbia with intense interest.

At present the successes, however, appear to be on the side of the Turks. The Servians, who commenced the war by an invasion of the Turkish territory, have been repulsed, and are now on the defensive.

The Principality of Roumania, which is governed by a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, remains neutral.

Turkey possesses an army of half a million men. She has a fleet of twenty ironclads and seventy other steamers, most of them built in Great Britain. The first foreign loan of Turkey was in 1854. Fourteen times since has she appeared as a borrower on the exchanges of London and Paris, to the amount, altogether, of £185,000,000, or \$925,000,000.

Serbia was an independent State, but was practically overthrown by the Turks in 1389, at the battle of Kossova. It recovered its independence in 1815, after a succession of insurrections against the Turks.

Montenegro, whose prince has also taken the field in aid of the Servians, although never formally recognized as independent, but accounted as a province of Turkey, has always been inhabited by a free race of warlike mountaineers who have boldly defied the Moslems.

Bulgaria, a province of Turkey, which

lies to the west of Serbia, is the seat of a formidable insurrection. The inhabitants are a steady, industrious race of people, and the cruelties said to have been perpetrated by the Bashi Bazouks, or Turkish irregulars, in suppressing the insurrection, are so atrocious that the representatives of the Great Powers have protested against them to the Sublime Porte.

Herzegovina has been also the seat of an insurrection since the summer of 1875. This small and mountainous province has cost the Turks already some 30,000 men, who have died from starvation, neglect, hardships, and disease in attempting to subdue it.

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HAYES and Wheeler and Tilden and Hendricks are now nominated by the conventions of Cincinnati and St. Louis, and the verdict of the people in November is anxiously awaited. Fortunately in our Republic the triumph of either the one or the other will not plunge the country into the civil war which seems the unavoidable sequence of Mexican and other South American elections. One duty, however, is incumbent upon every citizen, and that is to vote. He who does not vote has no right to criticize. There must be a choice, and even if it is only a choice of evils, it is the part of wisdom to choose the least. The existence of parties is not an evil in a free State; it is a necessity, and these contests are to the advantage of the body politic. In their flux and reflux they resemble the tides or the seasons. An accumulation of abuses and evils calls loudly for reform, and reformers soon appear who remove some or all of the evils. But in doing so they offend vested interests, or seem to be going too far, and threaten the stability of society. A reaction takes place, and the conservatives come into power, whose stubbornness produces another change, and so affairs go on. This process is natural and beneficial. If society was exposed to the crotchets of every dreamer it would soon go to pieces, and if nothing was ever changed it would become stagnant. Incessant revolutions keep back Mexico and impede the prosperity of France. Obstinate conservatism is the bane of China and the curse of Turkey and Tunis. Happy are those lands which keep the golden mean, they may have their troubles, but they are strong, and occupy a position of dignity among the nations.



CATHOLIC Young Men's Societies abound in America, but few fulfil the purpose for which they are formed. With one or two honorable exceptions, whom it would be invidious to name, the libraries of these societies are incomplete, the members devote more time and care to the "annual reception," or ball, than to any literary work, and the frequenters of the society-room are oftener found with a billiard cue than with a book. They are also apt to fall under the dominion of cliques, to divide into parties, and, after being often reorganized, to collapse.

This should certainly not be the case. American young men are industrious, bright, self-reliant, and confident. They should have a little more adhesive ability. The one and only idea of many seems to be to have a "good time." Without disparaging recreation, which is a necessary of life as much as food, it is to be observed that a "good time" in youth makes a very bad time in old age. Those who have not minds well stored with information do not know what they lose. They lose pleasures, mental pleasures, which in piquancy and zest far exceed all other delights. A knowledge of the past, and an acquaintance with, at least, English literature, affords a constant intellectual feast which never tires, and which amply rewards for the labor it may cost to acquire.

It is gratifying to note that this year the number of Orange parades on July 12th has very considerably diminished. It is equally gratifying to know that the Catholic Irish population have abstained from making any demonstration which would afford excuse for the Orangemen to attack them. Both facts show a greatly improved state of feeling. It is obviously no use to flaunt red handkerchiefs if the bull will not attack, and as the only real meaning of Orange parades is to irritate, if they do not produce this effect they will by degrees die out.

The annual celebration of battles seldom serves any good purpose. War is an evil at any time. It is sometimes an unavoidable evil, and is the least of two misfortunes. Better was it for the Hungarians and the Spanish to resist the Turks, even by war, than to be conquered and enslaved by them. But the Orange commemoration of the battles of Aughrim and the Boyne is the commemoration of conflicts which, in their result, enslaved Ireland and put it under a penal code, the sum of all villainies, which crushed it for a century and a half, and which took between thirty and forty years' agitation to get rid of.

Two noteworthy incidents, interesting to Catholics, occurred lately in London. The

New Church of the English Martyrs, erected close by Tower Hill in memory of all those priests and laymen who suffered for the faith in England during three hundred years, was lately opened by Cardinal Manning. Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher were the first of a long army of martyrs, who suffered professedly for "treason," really for the Catholic faith. It was "treason" to be a priest, "treason" to say Mass, "treason" to reconcile any one to the Church, and "treason" not to disavow the Pope's authority, so that treason meant faithful adherence to the Catholic religion.

The other event was the opening of the crypt of St. Etheldreda's Church in Holborn, formerly the residence of the Bishop of Ely. This church dates from the thirteenth century, and is a beautiful specimen of architecture. After centuries of Protestant use, Mass is once more celebrated there, and the hand of the old Saxon Queen, wonderfully preserved for so many ages, is placed there as a relic.

WE notice that it is proposed to give a course of lectures in Boston on Catholic subjects. We have often thought that such a project would be crowned with success. It is true that there are a number of lectures delivered every season before Catholic societies, or in aid of church building funds. But these are nearly always on the same topics, year after year, and, if not, they are disconnected the one from the other. What is wanted is a regular course of lectures by men well posted in the subjects they treat of. Such a course might be on the history of the Church, or on the relations of religion and science, or on the topics of the day viewed from a Catholic standpoint, or they might be biographical, taking up the lives of distinguished men and saints. Or they might be explanatory of the doctrine, discipline, and ceremonies of the Church, or they might take up the subject of Christian art and antiquities, or they might treat of social evils and their remedies, such as intemperance, overcrowding of cities, luxury, materialism, etc. Such lectures would be interesting and instructive. The first thing to be avoided in them is—it seems a small matter—their being *dry*, that bugbear of American listeners.

THERE is every probability of bloody work in Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota Territories. The defeat and death of General Custer and his corps, incorrectly called a "massacre," by the Sioux, has called forth, first, severe grief for the loss of a gallant officer and so many brave men, and secondly, a cry for the extermination of the Indians. The injustice of the war, and the many

wrongs inflicted on the Indians are, very naturally, perhaps, but very unfortunately overlooked, and there is a general desire that summary vengeance should be dealt to them.

"Sitting Bull," who has been for a long time at war with the whites, and whose death is now reported, was induced to make peace by Father De Smet, the celebrated Indian missionary. Had the Catholic influence over the Indians been encouraged by the present administration, instead of being systematically repressed, it is certain that many valuable lives would have been saved, and a costly war, which can yield no glory, would have been avoided.

It is sometimes urged by the supporters of the free common schools, that in Ireland the system of mixed education prevails, and that it has conferred many benefits upon the country, and that it does not appear to have diminished the Catholics of Ireland. But, observe the difference; of the million of children who are being now educated in Ireland, 800,000 are Catholics, and of these 400,000 are taught by Catholic teachers in schools where there are no Protestant children at all. And of the remainder, 360,000 have Catholic teachers, and only a few Protestant school companions. In other words, in nine cases out of ten, the schools in Ireland are practically denominational and Catholic, although nominally secular and mixed. But here the schools are practically secular and Protestant, and only nominally unsectarian. This is a great difference.

To fight the battles of Ireland in the British House of Commons requires no small amount of perseverance and courage. Mr. Butt's Land Bill has been brought forward and defeated, his motion for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the demand of the Irish people for Home Rule has been likewise rejected, and the University Bill will not even be discussed this session. Yet it must be remembered that the friends of Catholic Emancipation were defeated over and over again, yet they ultimately succeeded. So it was with the efforts to destroy the Tithe System and the Church Establishment. Years passed before these movements were crowned with success, and yet they did ultimately pass the ordeal. And so it will be with Home Rule. Nowadays a permanently successful resistance to the will of a nation is impossible.

GLANCING over the proceedings of the annual conventions of our Catholic societies, temperance, benevolent, and literary, it is evident that "side issues," or questions not

immediately connected with the main object of these societies, have a tendency to crop out. This suggests a reflection: do we not need a society for the advancement of Catholic interests in general, a society that could represent and aid Catholic objects? Take the Indian question, take the temperance question, take the education question, take the immigration question, take the care of deserted children, or charitable institutions, to say nothing of church and school building (the burden of which is entirely on the priests' shoulders), could not more be done by united action?

WE observed the other day an account of what was called the "Bishop of London's Fund," started in that city to build Protestant churches. In addition to subscriptions there is a regular collection in its aid. Does a clergyman appointed to a new parish wish to build a church, all he has to do (after he has collected as much as possible from the people) is to state his case, and an allowance is made to him. This obviates the necessity of appealing to a number of congregations for aid. The Catholics of England have the same system in aid of schools and churches. Of course it is hardly necessary to state that the Catholic Hierarchy is at the head of this system, and that without the Bishop's consent nothing is done.

THE continued progress of the Church has been illustrated this last month by the dedication of new churches at Worcester, Mass.; Detroit, Mich.; Long Branch, New Jersey, and many other places.

A new cathedral is to be built at Denver, Col.; the Christian Brothers have opened a new college at Sacramento, Cal., and a reformatory is to be erected at Cleveland, Ohio.

A new diocese, that of St. Albans, is also projected in the State of New York, and an esteemed priest of Rochester may be its first bishop.

BISHOP BOURGET, of Montreal, whose name was in every one's mouth not long ago, in connection with the unfortunate Guibord case, has resigned his See, and is now at the point of death. He has been created an archbishop, an archbishop *in partibus*, and is succeeded in Montreal by his coadjutor, Mgr. Fabre.

He was born in 1799, in Canada, and was consecrated coadjutor Bishop of Montreal in 1837, succeeding to that See in 1840. He was a man of fervent piety, and a devoted prelate. He introduced completely the Roman rite into his diocese.

THE college and school "commencements" are now all over, and from Georgetown College down to a simple parochial

school, the study halls are vacant and the pupils are scattered.

Every year a large number of graduates are turned out finished and complete. This has been going on for a number of years, and yet it is rather difficult to know what becomes of many of them. Certainly the bright promise of early years is frequently unrealized, and it often happens that he who graduates, and astonishes his friends by his genius, subsides into the quiet, useful citizen.

A SOCIETY has been recently started in Rome, and for what purpose do our readers imagine? To effect a change in the method of election of the Popes, and to transfer it from the College of Cardinals to the clergy and people of Rome. This has no chance of success, of course, but it serves to bring out the idea of those who evidently want to use, if it were possible, the Holy See for the sole advantage of Italy. By the present method the rest of the Catholic world has influence in the election. Even the American Catholics, through his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, have a voice in the choice of the Sovereign Pontiff; England is represented virtually by Cardinal Manning, and Ireland by Cardinal Cullen. By the proposed plan all these influential nations would be left out in the cold.

THE present position of the Catholic Church is attracting the attention of the thinkers and writers who are without its pale, and in many cases it may be said that its doctrines, discipline, history, and policy are more studied now than ever before. Take the leading magazines and quarterlies, and glance over them. *The American Church Review* (organ of the Episcopalians) discusses "Latin Hymnody" and the "Old Catholic" movement. *The British Quarterly*, the organ of the English Nonconformists, discusses "The Revolution and Catholicism." *The Saturday Review* writes on the "Thirtieth Anniversary of Pius IX."

NOTHING gives us more an idea of the universality of the Church than the list of bishops appointed by the Pope. On June 26th the Holy Father named twenty-two archbishops and bishops. These were to Sees in France, Spain, Italy, and America. The Very Rev. James O'Connor, D.D., of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, formerly Vicar-General of the Diocese of Pittsburg, and subsequently Rector of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, was named Bishop *in partibus*, and Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska. This See has been vacant since the death of Bishop Gorman, at Omaha, on July 4th, 1874.

THE large number of illustrations of American scenery in the Art Gallery of the Philadelphia Exhibition surprises not only the foreigners, but also our own citizens. That America had large rivers, and the Falls of Niagara, was pretty well known before. But that this country possesses such exquisite and such varied natural attractions in every part was not known. The Yellowstone, Watkin's Glen, the White Mountains, the Hudson, the Rocky Mountains, the illimitable prairies, the everglades of the Southern States, the great lakes, the countless mountain resorts, all present scenery of the most delightful character.

MANY a man has landed at Castle Garden poor and almost friendless, and now, thanks to industry and thrift, is a prosperous citizen of the American Republic. Here father has met child, the brother his sister, and the lover his betrothed. Here also, alas, have landed many who have succumbed to the toils, and difficulties, and unaccustomed privations of the New World, and have died far from the green fields of Ireland. Since 1858 more than four millions of people have entered Castle Garden depot, and the destruction of this edifice by fire last month merits at least a passing notice.

THE clerical obituary of the past month is not heavy. Rev. Matthew Hart, of St. Patrick's, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. James Boyce, of St. Teresa's, New York; Rev. John Cortin, Cathedral, Vincennes; Rev. N. R. Young, O.P., Maryland; A. Mullen, O.S.A., and a few others, complete the list. The ordinations were far more numerous, so that the old drawback to the Church in this country, viz., want of priests, is not nearly so bad as it was.

CATHOLICS have 106,000 Indians, and Protestants 15,000 under their care. Yet the school appropriation to the latter is \$185,000, and to the former \$15,000. In other words, seven-eighths of the Indians are Catholic, and one-eighth Protestant; yet one-thirteenth of the money appropriated to Christian schools is given to the Catholics, and twelve-thirteenths to the Protestants. This is equality under the administration of President Grant.

THE Belgium elections resulted in a Catholic triumph, and riots broke out at their conclusion, which were suppressed after doing some damage. Belgium disputes with Ireland the glory of being the staunchest Catholic people in Europe, and the enterprising and artistic people who inhabit the lowlands by the German Ocean are Catholic to the core.



THE efforts of the Catholic missionaries to improve the condition and save the souls of the negroes of the South, have caused great ire to the Methodists, who seem to think they have a prescriptive right to the colored population. They must have been surprised to hear that the colored Catholics of Washington have built a very fine church, and that those of other places are about to follow their example. Some say that the interest felt in the condition of the negroes has a political bearing, and that when the negroes are Catholics they will be more likely to vote the Democratic ticket. If those who supposed this knew the piety, zeal, and simplicity of those holy men who have devoted themselves to this work, and how profoundly indifferent they were to the politics of the day, they would see that their alarms were unfounded, and that the salvation of souls, and not the attainment of political power, was the chief aim of the Church's missionary priests.

THE Convent of Notre Dame, of Maryland, was a favored spot this year. At its commencement exercises it had the heads of both Church and State present, as both President Grant and the Most Rev. Archbishop Bayley were there; and the prizes to the successful students were given to them by General Grant.

So excellent is the education given in our Catholic schools, conducted by the religious orders, that a large proportion of the most lovely and accomplished ladies in the country have been educated in them, and even the voice of bigotry is stilled when confronted with these practical evidences of Catholic piety and zeal.

DUBLIN was the only city outside of the United States where the people themselves celebrated the 4th of July. In Paris, London, Vienna, and other places, the American residents and their friends observed the day; in Ireland the people did. To applaud the successful resistance of George Washington to George III is a polite way of intimating to England that if successful Emmett and Wolf Tone would now be honored. Bad as was the English tyranny on America, it came far short of the ruthless oppression long exercised in Ireland by that power.

THE American Cæcilia Society assembles this month in Baltimore, on August 22d, 23d, and 24th. This society was organized for the purpose of cultivating the knowledge of genuine ecclesiastical music. Its forthcoming meeting promises to be very interesting, as many selections will be performed by a chorus. A relish for the true Gregorian

music can only be acquired by hearing it *well* sung. It is to be hoped that this enterprising association will be successful, and give us examples all over the country of what genuine church music is.

FOREIGNERS in America are surprised at the enterprise of the people, at the mammoth hotels with their complete appointments, at the universal intelligence that prevails, at the harmony in which the various religious bodies live together, at the general well-being of the population, and at the rapidity with which the country is increasing in wealth and subduing the wilderness. The letters of the European correspondents on the Centennial Exhibition all do justice to us in these particulars.

A LARGE number of English members of Parliament are to visit America this fall. Amongst them we notice the names of Messrs. Biggar and Fay, members for Cavan; Mr. P. J. Smyth, M. P. for Westmeath, and Mr. O'Conner Power, M. P. for Mayo. Time was when English and European statesmen felt little interest in America and its institutions, but they now have to study them; for gradually and almost imperceptibly Europe is imbibing many American ideas.

THE dedication of the Basilica, a large church, at Lourdes, and the coronation of the statue of the Blessed Virgin there, has attracted the attention of the world to this famous shrine. Within the last few years seven hundred processions have gone there, and over a half million of pilgrims. Last year there were thirty miraculous cures, and seventy foreign preachers spoke at the shrine, many of them the most distinguished orators that the Catholic Church can boast of.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Connolly, of Halifax, N. S., died on July 27th. He has ruled that See since 1859, having been previously Bishop of St. John's, N. B. The Archdiocese of Halifax comprises Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island. It contains 250,000 Catholics. The Archbishop was greatly esteemed for his learning and piety. The funeral, which took place on the 1st of August, was very magnificent and solemn.

A CRY has been raised in France for the expulsion of the Jesuits. Not that they have committed any crime, but that they are becoming too popular; that is, too great favorites with the people. But it will fail, for the time is badly chosen.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE EUCHARIST AND OTHER DOCTRINES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXPLAINED AND VINDICATED. By the Rev. Charles B. Garside, M.A., author of the *Prophet of Carmel*, etc. London: Burns & Oates, Portman Street and Paternoster Row. 1875.

The leaders of rebellion against the Church in the sixteenth century, commonly styled the Reformation, had not at first any intention to abandon their belief in Catholic dogmas. But when men, in their arrogance and pride of self-opinion, separate themselves from the visible head of the Church, the centre of unity, which Christ established in Peter, they plant their feet upon quicksands, their hold upon the true faith ceases, they give up one doctrine of the Church after another, and become inextricably involved in error and confusion of ideas.

Hence it is not at all surprising that soon after the commencement of their schismatic movements the Reformers (so called) first lost faith in the reality of the sacrifice of the Eucharist and then denied it, and made it a special object of attack. Since then their followers have constantly fallen away farther and farther from this, as well as from other Catholic doctrines, and now they openly deny the necessity of an altar and of sacrifice in Christian worship. Their religious services have become in form and confessedly what they are in fact, entirely subjective exercises intended to excite on merely natural grounds certain sentiments, more or less religious, in the minds of those who engage in them.

Father Garside's book was written with a view to confuting the errors of Protestants in regard to the Eucharist, and especially those which spring out of and cluster around the denial of its sacrificial character. He does not exhibit or discuss at any length the proofs of the Real Presence and of Transubstantiation, because, as he tells us at the outset of his work, the doctrine of the Church upon these mysteries has been already sufficiently treated of in many English works that are easily accessible.

In the development of his argument, Father Garside examines first the words of our divine Lord Himself to the Apostles at the institution of the Eucharist, and to the Samaritan woman; then the New Testament references to Melchisedech and the teaching of St. Paul, the prophecy of Mala-

chias, and the Sacerdotal language in the New Testament. He then discusses the Sacrifice on the Cross, and the Sacrifice of the Altar; the Eucharist as a Commemorative Sacrifice; the Sacrificial Immolation and the Priesthood; Christian Worship and the Christian Sacrifice; the Unity of the Church and the Sacrifice; the Laity and the Sacrifice; the Propitiatory Character of the Sacrifice; and then, in a concluding chapter, he notices and refutes sundry objections made by Protestants to the doctrine of the Church.

The argument is clear, and is enforced by numerous quotations from the Fathers, especially from those of the earlier ages of the Church.

Bound up in the same volume with this treatise, and without mention upon the title page, except under the indefinite phraseology of "Other Doctrines of the Catholic Church," are essays or tracts upon "Communion in One Kind," "Definitions of the Catholic Faith," "Existence of the Church in Relation to Sacred Scripture," "Tradition as a Vehicle of Christian Doctrine," "The Atonement and Purgatory," "Good Works," "Saint Bonaventura and the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin," and "Replies to a Protestant" and to "Clericus" upon various fundamental points of controversy between Catholics and Protestants.

These subjects are discussed and explained with clearness, and at the same time with great compression of thought and of proof. The work contains much interesting and important information concerning the customs and practices of Christians in the first ages. The method of illustrating and enforcing the truths explained is not scholastic or abstruse, but popular; and on this and other accounts, it is a very valuable work for the laity, acquainting them, as it does, with the grounds of the true faith on various points, and furnishing them with arguments to answer the objections of heretics and schismatics.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC: ITS CONSTITUTION, TENDENCIES, AND DESTINY. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. New edition. New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street. For sale by Hennessey.

The merits of the late Dr. Brownson as a writer are well known and universally acknowledged. He was a master of the Eng-



lish language. No one understood better than he the use and meaning of words, or had more skill in marshalling them. But under and beyond all this he possessed a mind of extraordinary clearness and vigor. To this was joined immense industry in reading, a perfect familiarity with modern philosophic writers, and a wonderful power and facility of digesting and appropriating to his own purposes whatever he regarded as true in the works he read. These qualities constituted Dr. Brownson *facile princeps* of reviewers, and made it a moral certainty that whatever he wrote would not fail to find readers. The book was originally written and published at the close of the late civil war. The work before us, however, is a *new* edition. Opinions, of course, will differ as to the soundness of the views advanced in it, according to the various ideas of different persons upon the subject of civil government, its nature and the grounds of the authority it exercises, as well as upon other matters pertaining to the science of politics and the principles upon which our own political institutions rest. But we hazard nothing in saying that all intelligent and reflecting readers (and the book is only intended for such), cannot fail to find in the pages of this work food for fruitful thought.

There is certainly great need for the study of the science of government, and of the principles upon which all just governments are based, in this country. We can scarcely be said to have in the United States any philosophy of politics. We have no statesmen. Our leading public men have natural talent enough. They are, some of them, ready debaters, fluent speakers, adroit manipulators of partisan machinery; but, as for statesmanship as a science, they scarcely apprehend the fact that it is a science, much less study its principles.

The following sentences taken from his preface will show the spirit and aims of the author in writing this book:

"Even in my old age I wish to exert an influence on the future of my country, for which I have made, or rather my family have made, some sacrifices, and which I tenderly love. . . . I have endeavored in this humble work to add my contribution, small though it be, to political science, and to discharge, as far as I am able, my debt of loyalty and patriotism. I would the book were more of a book, more worthy of my countrymen, and a more weighty proof of the love I bear them, and with which I have written it. All I can say is, that it is an honest book, a sincere book, and contains my best thoughts on the subjects treated."

CANTATA CATHOLICA; containing a large collection of Masses, Vespers, Litanies, Hymns, etc. For the use of the Catholic Church. By B. H. F. Hellebusch, Teacher and Organist. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. For sale by Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy See. 1876.

This work owes its origin, as we learn from the preface, to the expressed wish of many Right Rev. Prelates and Rev. Priests to introduce into the service of our churches in the United States the pure Gregorian Chant. In furtherance of this desire, the author has endeavored to make his selections from the very best ancient and modern compositions, and in the *Cantata Catholica* he presents the results of his labor. The fact that he has an experience of thirty years as a successful and highly esteemed director and teacher of music, and organist, is of itself a not slight guarantee of competency for the task undertaken.

"For the greater convenience of both singers and organists, the short system of notes has been adopted, and every syllable having the full chord, the whole or part of it can be performed or sung by four voices or in unison. The eight authentic masses are taken from the *Graduale*, and were harmonized by Dr. F. Witt."

The chief merit of the book seems to consist in the judicious gathering of various selections taken from the school of Gregorian Chant, and from the writings of several composers of the Palestrina school. There is no doubt that the work will be of great service to those who are anxious to make a beginning in the reform of church music, the need of which is daily becoming more evident.

THE STORY OF A VACATION: HOW IT CAME AND WHAT CAME OF IT. Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street. 1876.

This is a pleasant and readable tale of life amongst the French peasantry. There is nothing very striking in the incidents. They are those of everyday life, but they are so simply and naturally related that the interest in the story is well maintained to the end.

ERRATA.—In the article on "Francis Xavier Weninger, D.D., S.J.," in the July number of the CATHOLIC RECORD, on page 155, third line, read "31st" instead of "30th;" and in twenty-eighth line, "1821" instead of "1820."



ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



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